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Michael Novak on THE POLITICAL BISHOPS —see page 11

FEBRUARY 5, 1982

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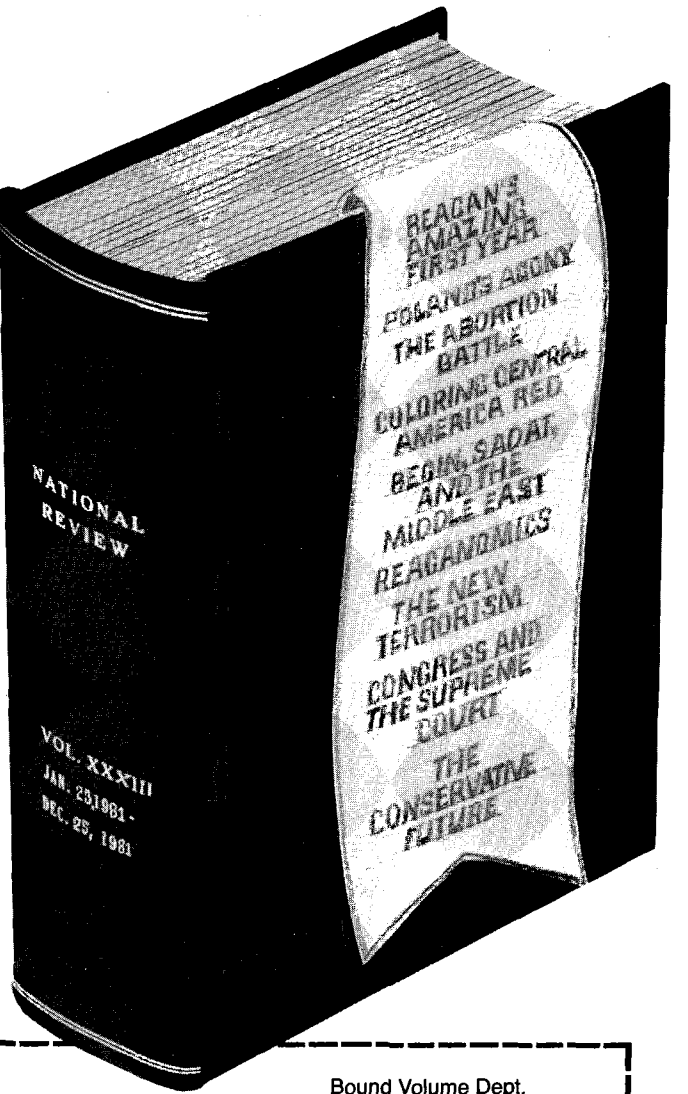

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ANOTHER DAY—ANOTHER DOLLAR

A Day in the Life of the World's Big Spender

JAMES W. McCLAIN JR.

FOR YEARS we've heard the warnings of conservatives urging us to join in the fight to roll back government spending. It is almost a broken-record litany, heard so often that it has lost its impact.

The old saying about being too close to the forest to see the trees may be wrong. Most of us are too far away from the trees to see the forest—or, at any rate, to distinguish anything but a blob in the distance. For a clearer focus, how about a look at the economic diary of the federal bureaucracy for a single day—not a day chosen for anything unusual—just an ordinary, run-of-the-mill day: say, April 29, 1981. There is a publication that supplies this information every day—the *Commerce Business Daily*, published by the U.S. Department of Commerce. It usually consists of 32 pages of small print, divided into three sections: Procurements of Services and Supplies, Research and Development Sources Sought, and Contract Awards (it is explained that the government publishes information only on contract awards exceeding $25,000 in value for civil agencies and $100,000 for military agencies). It is Uncle Sam's classified-ads newspaper, and it makes for some fascinating reading if you're curious about where your tax dollars are going.

As you leaf through the pages of the *Commerce Business Daily* you will be intrigued by such mysteries as the request of the Contracts Division for delivery to Albany, Ga. and Barstow, Calif. of various-sized sets of Swords and Scabbards. Under the category headed Textiles, Tents, Flags, the Soil Conservation Service in Stillwater, Okla. lists a need for 484,000 vinyl plastic flags to be used by surveyors for marking. Not 500,000 flags, mind you—exactly 484,000. The estimated price is $25,000, or about a nickel per flag—a pretty good buy.

Fine Air-Force Arts

In Section R: Architect/Engineer Services, the Real Estate & Buildings Department of the U.S. Postal Service announces it will spend $625,000 for the interior painting of the Main Post Office in Baltimore, Md. Castle Air Force Base in California offers $400,000 for the designs, cost estimates, and performance schedule for their new Arts and Crafts Center to provide "fine arts, ceramics, photographs, jewelry-making, modeling, fabrics, and wood-working." The project scope is approximately 13,350 square feet, with an estimated final construction cost between $1 million and $5 million, but they'll pay $400,000 just for the design plans and cost estimates. Any takers?

Moody AFB in Georgia needs a four-lane addition to its bowling center; it estimates that someone should be able to do the construction for something between $500,000 and $700,000, give or take a few hundred thou.

In the Contract Awards Section, which begins on page 28, there are 23 awards that day for Experimental, Test, and Research Work, mostly to various universities. These total $11,961,606 and cover such projects as "A Study into the Conditions for Dropwise Condensation of Electroplated Gold." That award went to the University of Illinois. A rather vague assignment described as "Research for Solution of Problems Relating to Activities of the Army" carries a price tag of $971,547 awarded to Batelle Columbus Laboratories in Ohio. Then there are nine awards under the category of Expert and Consultant Services, including a strange-sounding assignment awarding $66,526 to the American Public Health Association for "Developing and Disseminating Information on Methodological Issues for Infant Feeding Studies through Workshops and Publications." It ought to be worth the $66,526 just figuring out what the title means.

Maintenance and Repair of Equipment awards number ten and range from a paltry $60,000 for painting some metal furniture on government property in Tacoma, Wash. to the repair of propulsion generators aboard the *U.S.S. Lipscomb* in Norfolk Naval Shipyard for $499,602. Health Services for the Indian Reservation at Toppinish, Wash. carried an award of $1,200,000. Three awards for Architect Services total over $550,000. Housekeeping Services include awards for tree-planting, janitor services, guard services, and patrol services. These add six more awards totaling $530,111.04. (That odd four cents is a minor mystery.) Contract awards for Supplies add 63 more listings for such things as "Beverage-Dispensing Equipment purchased from the Coca Cola Company for $236,050," animal bedding for laboratory animals, wiping rags (there are six separate awards for wiping rags that total over $1,227,000)—and five awards for "goggles" with a price tag of $43,146,983. That's right—over $43 *million* for goggles.

Run-of-the-Mill Day

Are you ready for this? Remember, this is not a specially chosen day; it is quite typical, maybe even below average, since there were no aviation contract awards, no fuel purchases, no motion pictures, vehicles, weapons, ammunition, or guided missiles today—not even a small VA Hospital. So, for a low-key, run-of-the-mill April 29, 1981, your taxes paid out a grand total of $114,432,444.04 (let's not forget that four cents). Even when spending is broken down to a single day's activity it is difficult for the average citizen to comprehend; but we can get a little better inkling why the President keeps reminding us that the biggest contributor to the inflation problem is the World's Big Spender, Uncle Sam. □

Mr. McClain, now with television station WLW-D in Dayton, Ohio, was better known to an earlier generation as radio's Dr. IQ (1939 to 1946). He quit that job to enter the ministry of the Episcopal Church. Appearing on Ralph Edwards's This Is Your Life *some years later, he raised enough money to found the Three Cross Ranch for Boys (from broken families) in Longview, Texas.*

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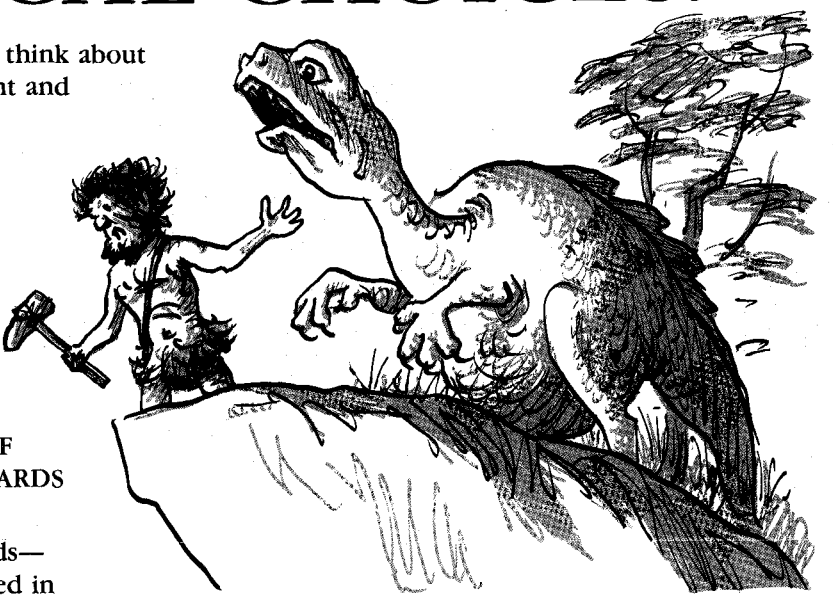

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LIBYA

QADDAFI'S *Safe House for Terrorism*

ARNOLD BEICHMAN

"We live in a wondrous time in which the strong is weak because of his moral scruples and the weak grows strong because of his audacity." —*Bismarck*

ONE CAN PUT IT in simple English: The most dangerous man in the world today is Colonel Muammar al-Qaddafi, the forty-year-old dictator of Libya.

By "most dangerous" I mean that this audacious North African billionaire ideologue has turned the world into his version of a Hobbesian nightmare—the war of al-Qaddafi against all.

In October of last year, the U.S. Ambassador to Italy, Maxwell M. Rabb, hastily returned to Washington for what the State Department described as a "number of reasons, including normal consultations." In fact, Ambassador Rabb's return was far from normal—his departure from Rome had been so hasty that he landed in Washington without even a change of clothes. Qaddafi, it was reported, had put out a contract on Rabb.

In November, the Chargé d'Affaires at the U.S. Embassy in Paris, Christian A. Chapman, was leaving his apartment when a man fired six shots at him. Chapman, who was unharmed, identified his would-be assassin as "Middle Eastern in appearance." Secretary of State Haig didn't explicitly accuse Qaddafi of the attack, but he implied as much. In testimony before the House Foreign Affairs Committee, he described Chapman's assailant as "a young man in his early thirties, bearded and of Middle Eastern origin. We have no other information, except to underline once again that we do have repeated reports that come to us from reliable sources that Mr. Qaddafi has been funding, sponsoring, training, harboring terrorist groups who conduct activities against the lives and well-being of American diplomats and facilities."

While the contracts on Rabb and Chapman were not fulfilled, some others have been. In March 1973, a Qaddafi hit-squad in the Sudan assassinated U.S. Ambassador Cleo Noel and Chargé d'Affaires George Moore. And on January 18 of this year, an assassin shot and killed Lieutenant Colonel Charles Ray, a U.S. military attaché, as he left his home in Paris.

Meanwhile, last December, word came out in the American press that a terrorist hit-team, on orders from Qaddafi, was in the United States. Its target: Ronald Reagan, the Number One man on Qaddafi's most-wanted list.

Few of his perceived enemies are safe while he lives—whether Libyans, Europeans, Africans, Israelis, or even other Arabs—because Qaddafi does not plot or fight by any rules, by any code, by any predictable design: he strikes when and where he chooses for dark and undisclosed reasons. His Islamic credo, expressed in his "Green Book," is his inspiration.

He can do as he pleases since he is accountable to no one. He can do it because, until recently, he collected an annual oil income of between $15 and $25 billion a year; even though the world oil glut has reportedly reduced Libyan oil production to 600,000 barrels a day, he still, according to the London *Economist*, disposes of around $7 billion a year.

With that kind of money, he can and does buy gunmen (including ex-CIA agents), subsidize mercenary armies, stockpile billions of dollars' worth of Soviet-made weapons (the result of a $12-billion arms deal signed with the Russians in 1976) and, according to Seymour Hersh in *The New York Times Magazine*, even some U.S. weapons, which he distributes as he sees fit. Qaddafi is said to bankroll the Organization of African Trade Union Unity. He has probably given financial "support" to African and European politicians, including, it is said, a leading Greek politician.

With his immense ambitions, his swollen payroll of bribees and mercenaries, and his huge weapons cache, including three submarines, Qaddafi threatens everyone within reach —American diplomats, Libyan émigrés in Europe and the U.S. (about a dozen of whom have been assassinated in the last couple of years), and his African neighbors.

Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger has described Libya's "people's bureaus" (Qaddafi's fanciful name for Libyan embassies) as "really almost assassination headquarters" in those countries with which Libya still maintains diplomatic relations. Last May, the U.S. ordered the "people's bureau" in Washington closed and expelled its staff of 27 Libyans. In December, after news of the Libyan hit-squad broke, the Administration urged U.S. oil companies to bring home the two to three thousand U.S. technicians still in Libya. Testifying in 1980 before a Senate committee investigating the Billy Carter-Qaddafi relationship, Jimmy Carter's Under Sec-

Mr. Beichman has written extensively on international terrorism. This article is based on personal interviews and on published sources quoted in the article itself. The Heritage Foundation is publishing Mr. Beichman's essay "The Myth of American Fascism."

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retary of State, David D. Newsom, said that Qaddafi had provided "money, training, and in some cases arms for virtually every group in the world with revolutionary credentials." A CIA report issued June 16 of last year said that Libya was chiefly responsible for the large increase in international terrorism in 1980. The late President Sadat of Egypt once described the Libyan dictator as "a vicious criminal, 100 per cent sick and possessed of a demon." In the aftermath of the Sadat assassination last October, Henry Kissinger told a television audience that if Qaddafi "had been taken care of" Sadat might still be alive.

In 1971, two years after the coup that brought him to power, Qaddafi proposed the creation of a "socialist Arab empire" comprising Egypt, Syria, and Libya, with a two-year rotating presidency. In July 1973, Qaddafi jammed twenty thousand Libyans into trucks and cars for a trip across the desert to Cairo with petitions—signed in blood—to demand that Sadat ratify the merger agreement. Sadat blocked the invading motorcade, and back to Libya it went.

In 1974, Qaddafi "merged" with Tunisia. That merger lasted for one week, after which President Bourguiba declared it null and void. In January 1980, he tried to instigate a rebellion against Bourguiba and stockpiled millions of dollars' worth of Soviet-made weapons all over Tunisia. The coup failed. Later, at a public trial in Tunisia, 42 captured terrorists confessed that they had received military training in Libya under the guidance of PLO, Cuban, and Soviet instructors. They described meeting various foreign terrorists during their training period in Libyan camps—IRA, Basque ETA, Italian, Spanish, German, Greek, Turkish, Corsican, Moluccan, and others. In addition, a number of Pakistanis are working for Qaddafi. According to *Business Week*, Pakistani pilots are flying Mirage aircraft in Libya. Some 2,700 Pakistanis (out of 100,000 Pakistani workers in Libya) are said to be in Libyan guerrilla training camps. Qaddafi is pressing the government of General Mohammad Zia ul-Haq to train Libyans in nuclear physics to produce an "Islamic atom bomb."

In 1976, Qaddafi tried to "merge" Libya with Algeria. When that failed, with Malta; again no success. He has been quoted as saying: "I am a leader in search of a country." While Libya is huge in area—680,000 square miles, or about

Qaddafi is pressing Pakistan's General Zia to train Libyans in nuclear physics to produce an 'Islamic atom bomb'

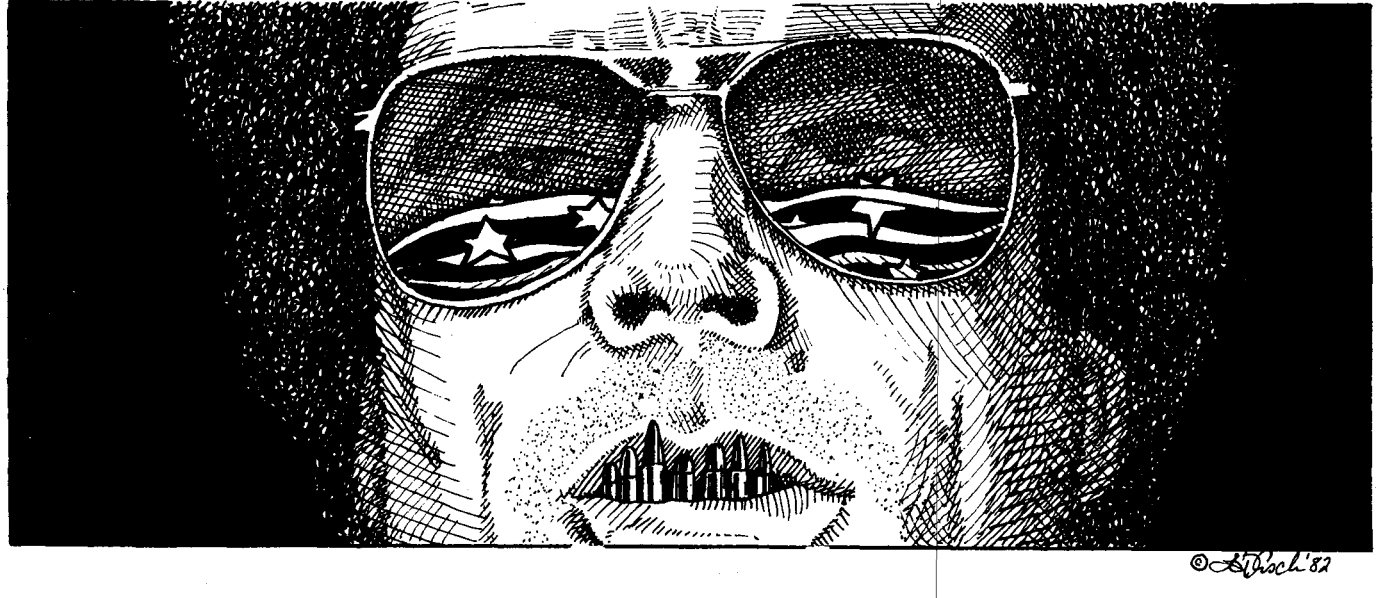
the size of Texas, California, New Mexico, and Montana combined—more than 90 per cent is desert or semi-desert, with a tiny population of barely three million.

But having a small, nomadic population didn't stop Qaddafi from attempting to take over Chad (population five million) in a campaign to supplant French influence in Equatorial Africa. Qaddafi moved into Chad in 1976 and quickly annexed the Aozou Strip, a sixty-mile-wide stretch of desert in Chad's far north, which is now Libya's far south. The area is rich in uranium and other minerals. The territorial seizure was accomplished by four thousand Soviet-equipped Libyan troops backed by T-54 tanks and MiG-23s. For a while, two Libyan battalions occupied Ndjamena, capital of Chad, but they have since been pulled back at the request of the Chad government.

Next stop: Sudan, now flanked by Soviet-armed Libyan troops on its western border and Soviet-armed Ethiopian troops on its eastern border.

Qaddafi's roving eye is also fixed on the Western Sahara, where he has supplanted Algeria as chief supporter of the Polisario guerrillas in their war against the Moroccan regime of King Hassan. This desert territory, abandoned by Spain after Franco's death in 1975, was annexed by Morocco for a number of reasons including the fact that it has rich deposits of phosphates, something which the Soviet Union, in particular, needs and covets.

Polisario, which supposedly represents the people of the area (although in actual fact there are no indigenous Polisarians), consists of five thousand guerrillas, equipped by both Algeria and Libya, although Libya is now the dominant influence. Because Algeria is troubled by the Libyan takeover of Polisario, it has been blocking arms shipments



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There is no doubt that there would be a continental sigh of relief if the Libyan dictator were overthrown

from Libya to the guerrillas. To counteract that Algerian blockade, there are now said to be airstrips in Mauritania where Libyan pilots are landing military supplies for the Polisario guerrillas.

The war is costing Morocco a great deal of money which it hasn't got except for subsidies from Saudi Arabia, which fears another Qaddafi triumph. French support for Morocco's king is dwindling. Fortunately for Hassan, though, the Reagan Administration is stepping up aid to Morocco.

Morocco's stability is essential to the West. If Morocco falls, it would increase radical Arab pressures on Israel, Egypt, and Tunisia. If Mauritania is brought into the Soviet-Libyan orbit, it would mean Soviet entrée to the South Atlantic. Take a look at the map.

The irony is that African leaders well know that Qaddafi endangers them all. There is no doubt that there would be a continental sigh of relief (as there was when Nkrumah of Ghana and Idi Amin of Uganda disappeared) if the Libyan dictator were overthrown, whether through alleged CIA plots or by any other miracle. Leaders of the Organization of African Unity have been pushed to take some initiative in curbing Qaddafi's ambition, as recently happened in the case of Qaddafi's forced evacuation from Chad. But most of the pressure seems to have originated in France. At the OAU meeting in Nairobi last June, the OAU voted to accept Qaddafi's offer to host the next OAU meeting in Tripoli. So, until June 1982, Qaddafi is the legitimate spokesman for the OAU, as was tyrant Idi Amin at an earlier date. The OAU assembly at the time ignored Libya's seizure of Chad, an event which in the real world would be considered imperialism. It did find time to deliver a homily about American designs on Namibia.

Qaddafi's helter-skelter terrorist plots have been focused on Western Europe and, now, the United States. According to Claire Sterling's *The Terror Network*, a neo-Fascist group in Italy, Lotta di Popolo, receives a monthly subsidy from Libya. Qaddafi is said to have been providing $5 million a year to the IRA Provisionals, although this is disputed by some knowledgeable sources in London. Cyprus has permitted him to place a radio transmitter on the island for Libyan broadcasts. It was Qaddafi who supplied the Russian-made hand-held anti-aircraft missiles that shot at an El Al plane in 1973 from a balcony near the Rome airport.

Terrorists of all nationalities are trained by Soviet and Eastern European experts—and, some say, ex-CIA officials—in twenty camps in Libya. From such camps came the gunmen who murdered the Israeli Olympic athletes in Munich. After a heroes' welcome-home parade in Tripoli, Qaddafi gave them each $10 million. Carlos the Jackal, the terrorist mastermind, received a $2-million reward for his seizure of the OPEC ministers at their meeting in Vienna in December 1975. A terrorist wounded in that operation, Hans-Joachim Klein, later reported that Qaddafi gave him $200,000 as compensation. And he protects his own. When 1,100 Libyan and foreign troops were seized by the Tanzanians in 1979 during Qaddafi's vain attempt to save Idi Amin's regime in Uganda, he paid Tanzanian President Julius Nyerere $40 million to free them; that's $37,000 a man. What's money in Libya?

Christopher Dobson and Ronald Payne, in their book *The Terrorists*, say that Qaddafi financed the formation of the National Arab Youth for the Liberation of Palestine in 1972 from a group of Arab militants "who wanted to carry out acts of terrorism so extreme that even their own organizations [Black September and the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine] turned them down." One of its hit teams in December 1973 tossed two thermite bombs into a Pan Am plane at Fiumicino Airport in Rome, killing 32 and wounding 18. Another hit team was responsible, in August 1973, for the machine-gun attack on passengers waiting to board a TWA flight at Athens airport. Three killed, 55 wounded.

Aviation Week reported last March that a West German firm, Otrag (Orbital Transport- und Raketen-Aktiengesellschaft), was testing a low-cost single-stage launch vehicle in Libya and planned to fire a two-stage rocket by the end of 1981. One such test firing of an Otrag rocket occurred last March 1 from a launch center five hundred miles south of Tripoli. Morocco has charged that, through Otrag, Qaddafi could develop a medium-range missile capacity. And Frank K. Wukasch, Otrag's president, said, according to *Aviation Week*, that he could "foresee providing a satellite capability to the Libyans in two or three years if they wished to launch a weather or communications satellite."

The status of the missile project is now in doubt since the announcement in late December by Mr. Wukasch that Otrag has halted all its operations in Libya. However, Otrag's president admitted that he didn't know the whereabouts of Lutz T. Kayser, the aerospace engineer who founded Otrag in the mid-Seventies. According to the *New York Times*, intelligence officials claim he is still in Libya helping with missile development.

While there is little doubt about Qaddafi's involvement in international terrorism, there is some question about the extent of his relationship with the USSR. Some official observers in Europe say there is no developing Soviet-Libyan alliance, although Libya is the single largest purchaser—for hard currency—of Soviet weapons and munitions. As one analyst put it: "It's a 'nuts-and-bolts' relationship—with mutual commercial and business advantages—but it lacks substance as a political relationship. For the Russians, he's a maverick; they don't understand him. Frequently, however, Libyan behavior and Soviet objectives coincide." They certainly do and the record shows it: no Soviet or Eastern-bloc diplomats are shot at, kidnapped, or assassinated. Ever.

Nevertheless, the Russians are understandably cautious about Qaddafi, because they have had several disappointments in Africa—being ousted from Egypt, Somalia, Sudan, and Ghana among others. Qaddafi, however, has behaved as if he were an ally of the USSR. There are thousands of Soviet, East German, Hungarian, Czech, and Cuban advisors all over Libya. His police protection is provided by East Germans (who weren't, however, able to prevent a coup in 1966 against Nkrumah of Ghana).

(Continues on page 187)

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At youth eternal in his glass,
They'd gamble everything for gas.

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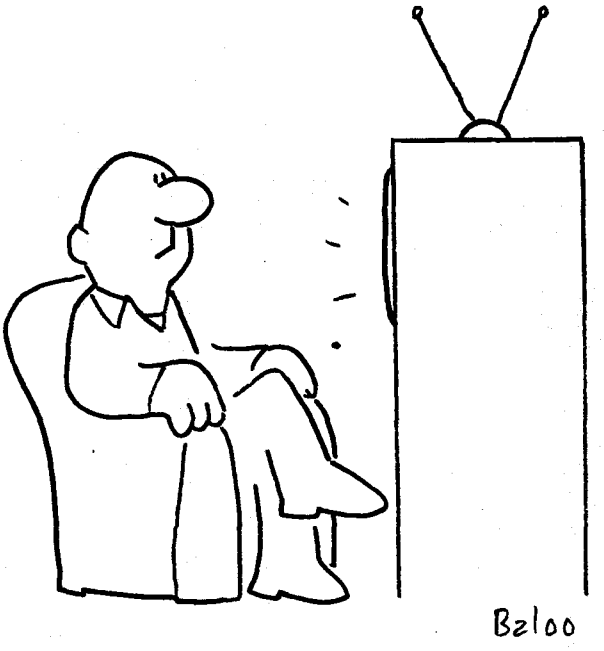
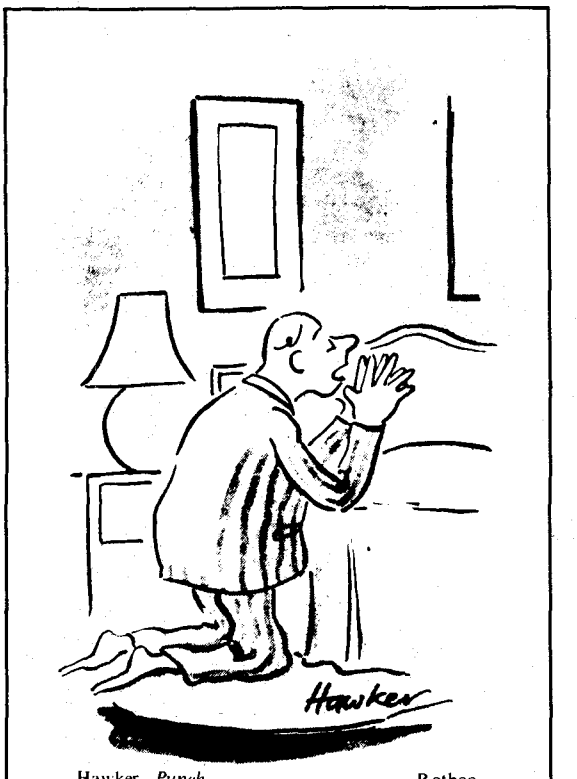


"The President committed the following blunders today . . ."



Hawker, *Punch* Rothco

"Please, God, don't let me have a Japanese counterpart."

THE COLUMBUS DISPATCH © 1982 BY THE TRIBUNE COMPANY SYNDICATE
A.T.&T.
...YEAH, I GOT 'EM DISCONNECTED... HELLO? HELLO? HELLO?.....
JUSTICE DEPT.
Bell System

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Comments ON THE DEFENSE OF POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY

In his reply to Harry Jaffa ["In Defense of Political Philosophy: A Letter to Walter Berns," by Harry Jaffa; "A Reply to Harry Jaffa," by Walter Berns; Jan. 22], Walter Berns answers the irrelevant question, "Is Jaffa Leo Strauss's spokesman?" instead of addressing the real issue—whether or not the Declaration of Independence is mere rhetoric. The Declaration of Independence is not mere rhetoric, but Berns's reply certainly is. His attack is simple ad hominem, and simply embarrassing to all who understand Strauss and love philosophy.

Christopher J. Sasseen
Davis, Calif.

Walter Berns condemns Harry V. Jaffa's references to those who represent political philosophy. Berns may well be correct in asserting that Leo Strauss should not be spoken of too much. But perhaps Jaffa has chosen to speak of him and his teachings as the alternative to ignoring him. If Strauss's teachings do not have a place in the arena of political debate among decent men, where do they belong?

It is true that Jaffa has concerned himself not only with the philosophical theme of eternal truths, but with actual political realities and the need for a kind of change that is guided by an understanding of enduring principles. Berns disparages Jaffa for such a concern and effort. Yet in *What Is Political Philosophy?* Strauss tells us that "political philosophy deals with political matters in a manner that is meant to be relevant for political life; therefore its subject must be identical with the goal, the ultimate goal of political action." Why, then, does Berns imply that Strauss would abhor Jaffa's recourse to political philosophy as a guide for political action?

The question Jaffa has raised is this: Is the American polity founded in natural right? The implications of the answer to this question are indeed of a serious nature. Perhaps, should Mr. Berns agree to the relevance of this question, he will direct his argument toward this greater end?

Colleen Sheehan
Paul Smiths, N.Y.

While I find Jaffa right on substance, Berns has the best of the dispute regarding manners. But most of all the exchange shows that human beings of all sorts of different bents of mind can engage in fierce quarrels. Virtue does not reside in some school of thought but in individuals, and one must know them well to tell whether they are right or wrong.

Thanks to NATIONAL REVIEW for letting us have a look at some of these quarrels. I like to have heroes around, but I think it necessary to avoid confusing them with stars.

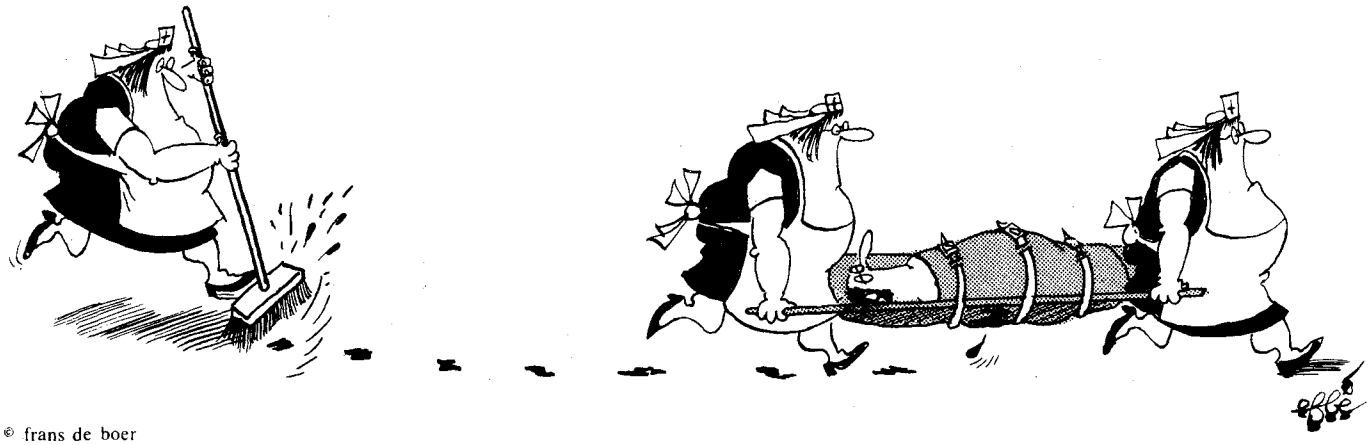
Tibor R. Machan
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Harry Jaffa repeatedly refers in his article to the American Enterprise Institute's book *How Democratic Is the Constitution?* and says that it was "edited by Bob Goldwin and Walter Berns." In fact, Goldwin's co-editor was Bill Schambra. Berns contributed one of the essays in the volume.

Walter Olson
Washington, D.C.

This slip in Jaffa's article was caused by our editing. —RB

With Ideology III, *NR* begins to achieve its goal of looking again at conservative theory. The criticism of Jeffrey Hart's essay ["Comments on Conservatism and Modernity," Dec. 25] disturbed me, particularly Joseph Sobran's comment: "Conservatism is what



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it was." Certainly Hart is wrong if he is advocating a break with nature itself. I do not think any conservative could accept such a position. But the Harry Jaffa-Walter Berns debate illuminated Hart's central theme, showing Hart to be correct.

Berns's position is one of detachment. If you want to be a philosopher (and a conservative?), you cannot want to change the world. Berns even says that Socrates "lived quietly with his fellow Athenians while hardly letting them know he philosophized." Why was Socrates put to death? Because the Athenians did not like the way he dressed?

But if you start thinking about changing the world, the city, you have to grapple with modernity. The grappling most conservatives like is that of detached criticism. Hart is bothered because lots of his students are not sold on conservatism. Conservatism has an aura of detachment which disturbs students.

President Reagan nailed down his landslide victory when, during his debate with Jimmy Carter, he turned to Americans and asked them: "Are you better off than you were four years ago?" Hart is correct. The average American is a modernist in his bones. Carter (and the liberals) talked of tightening your belt. Reagan spoke of optimism and licking our problems. Americans do welcome new possibilities. We do welcome change. We conservatives have to rid ourselves of this aura of detachment, of this dread of modernity. The liberals are trying to label the President as uncaring, detached from the problems of the average American. Jaffa is correct. We must leave the World of Ideas and go into the city—just as President Reagan is taking the mayors of American cities into Baltimore to show how conservative ideas work. If Lech Walesa lived quietly among his fellow Poles, I suppose it really would not have mattered.

Robert G. Rybica
Lisle, Ill.

If I understand Mr. Jaffa correctly he believes that the Constitution's toleration of slavery seriously undermined its republican integrity. This idea frustrates me enormously.

The problem is that I accept Mr. Jaffa's premise that slavery is incompatible with republican principles and that slavery was a stain on the American polity. I also accept his characterization of Abraham Lincoln as the central figure and the Civil War as the pivotal event in American history. I also accept his view that the Declaration of Independence's first two paragraphs (along with the Preamble to the Constitution) state the fundamental values of the American political system and indicate republican government as essential. I even accept Mr. Jaffa's criticism of Willmoore Kendall for going too far in discrediting the Declaration and the Gettysburg Address. (Even when I was studying under George Carey at Georgetown as an undergraduate and loving every minute of it, I could never quite swallow Kendall's treatment of those two works.)

However, I simply cannot escape from Kendall's teaching that the genius of American political theory is *not* the values expressed in the Declaration of Independence. These values are fundamental to America, but they are not unique to America. (After all, John Locke had said the same thing in his Second Treatise, and many of the French revolutionaries held these values also.) Unique to America is the method, that is, the actual establishment and ongoing accomplishment of a working government based on these values. Kendall consequently looked to the *Federalist Papers* for his inspiration. I find additional support for Kendall in none other than Abraham Lincoln.

Reread the Gettysburg Address. Lincoln reminds us that the central question of American politics is not whether we will ever fully live to the principles of the Declaration, but rather how long our continuing attempt to do so will last. Lincoln also freed the slaves, a wonderful thing to be sure, but if he had faced the dilemma of having to choose between freeing the slaves and saving the republic, I have little doubt that he would have chosen the latter. In my view, Lincoln would have made the choice the Founders made, that is, that a republic with slavery was better than no republic at all.

Indeed, slavery was abolished in America precisely because a strong republic was established on the principles of liberty and equality: that republic needed to be preserved and nourished even if it meant continuing to tolerate slavery for a time. The Founders realized that. The Great Compromisers of 1820 and 1850 realized that. Abraham Lincoln realized that. The republic, even though it took decades to become fully ready, was always the slaves' best hope.

I wonder if Mr. Jaffa could be persuaded to restore the Constitution to its rightful place alongside the Declaration of Independence as America's premier political document. The Socratic dialogue would then move one step closer to understanding the modern era's most significant political experience.

Steven D. Collier
Decatur, Ga.

Bathetic Fallacy

Every Christian is not a martyr;
  Jewish is not the same as Israeli;
Southerners don't all like Jimmy Carter;
  Every black is not Alex Haley;
Prophets of doom are not always faking;
  Brats are not necessarily terrors.
Are those who write of them so, then, making
  Stereotypographical errors?

CORINNA MARSH

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THE SHAVANO INSTITUTE

Does The RIGHT Have the Right Stuff?

JOSEPH SOBRAN

I AM NOT one to flaunt my friendships with the great. If you know Al Solzhenitsyn, you know he likes his privacy. But it would be hard to convey the flavor of the Shavano Institute's first session, at the spacious, luxurious, gorgeous Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs, without risking the charge of name-dropping.

Lyn Nofziger was there, and Dick Allen, and Joe Coors, and Bob Bleiberg, along with Frank Barnett and Tom Wolfe and Frank Shakespeare and John Chamberlain and Stan Evans and . . . (Stan told me he had brought his treasured copy of *Look Homeward, Angel* for Wolfe to autograph. He is also the only man on the Washington cocktail circuit who still pronounces "chablis" the way it's spelled.) At luncheon the second day I sat at a table for four with Wolfe, my favorite living writer; Shakespeare, collateral descendant of my favorite non-living writer; and Holly Coors, wife of my favorite living brewer.

At dinner Wednesday night, January 20, Nofziger—in his last three days as the President's Assistant for Political Affairs—assessed the progress and prospects for the conservative movement. Progress: Reagan's victory "ended decades of leftist domination of government." Prospects: "We've done the easy part. We've taken over the government, and now we must tackle the tough job of fulfilling its promise." Over the dead bodies, he added, of the fifty-year army of collectivism.

In the morning Bleiberg, of *Barron's*, led off with a hardheadedly sunny look at the economic future. Gold and silver have peaked and declined sharply in value; the dollar has recovered much of its old strength relative to other currencies; and financial assets may now be more valuable than tangible ones—a good sign, one gathers, that the economy is healthy in a Gilderist sense: wealth resides less in things at hand than in things to come. The anti-capitalist view still dominates the mass media and the universities, from whose utterances one would never gather that under the free-market system the American lifespan has increased from 46 to 74 years, adding two years during the last decade. But prospects are good even on the communications front: the new independent media, cable and so forth, are biting heavily into the market formerly monopolized by the three major networks. "Free men have recovered the initiative," said Bleiberg; "the task now is to keep it."

Off in Space

Frank Barnett, president of the National Strategy Information Center, a private, nonprofit corporation, dampened this sunny mood a bit by arguing the radical inadequacy of American foreign policy. For three decades, he contended, the U.S. has lived off the "diplomatic capital" of NATO. The Soviets, instead of attacking Europe directly, have hit on the brilliant strategy of an "undeclared resource war" against the Middle Eastern and southern African "waterholes" of the European fortress. Using proxies wherever possible, they haven't even risked interrupting the flow of Western grain and technology to their own bureaucratized warrior system. Barnett suggested a new alliance of nations at the three continental fronts of Soviet aggression. He also added his own hopeful note: American power in outer space. The *Columbia* space shuttle voyages, he said, may prove as momentous as Kitty Hawk. Richard Allen also spoke briefly, stressing the strategic importance of keeping West Germany firmly in the Western Alliance at a moment when the Soviets are working overtime to lure it out.

But the *pièce de résistance* of the meeting was Tom Wolfe's luncheon speech—a soaring performance, stringing anecdotes, informative and hilarious, into a resonant statement about the decline of radical chic. Intellectuals and journalists, he observed, have refused to admit the element of sheer fashion in the realm of ideas. And in the West the ideology of Marxism has long enjoyed an aura of daring, a sense that it bespoke the social form of the future. Until Solzhenitsyn. *The Gulag Archipelago* destroyed the Marxist myth, utterly, despite Western reluctance to welcome Solzhenitsyn himself. It wasn't as if he had revealed anything new, but earlier witnesses—refugees—could always be ignored. Solzhenitsyn had been given the imprudent blessing of Nikita Khrushchev, who had vouched for the authenticity of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, thinking that only Stalin's "aberrations" had been indicted. But it transpired that Solzhenitsyn's accusation embraced all of Marxism. As a result, said Wolfe, "Marxism in intellectual circles is now in its mannerist phase—beyond Baroque." American intellectuals, trying to impose Marxist categories on American life, had equated American businessmen with the "bourgeoisie" of Europe and were finally reduced to Marcusean paradoxes like "repressive tolerance," "cultural genocide," and—at the recent American Writers' Congress—"self-censorship." For the Left, everything in a free society must be "unmasked" as its own opposite.

Philosopher Shortage

So Wolfe's good news was that the Left here is done for. The bad news is that it has left a "vacuum." We suffer from a severe shortage of philosophers in this country to explain our way of life: even a great enterprise like the space program has had no plangent intellectual voices to celebrate it. But otherwise (though Wolfe is too polite to say it this way), the Right hasn't filled the vacuum, partly because it has little sense of chic. So the dying Left continues exhaling its foul attack on the free society, without effective contradiction from free men. Why? Wolfe thinks the problem is at bottom one of sheer passion: great philosophers are as passionate as great artists, and modern American society has somehow failed to inspire a single heroically eloquent advocate. Is a puzzlement.

It may yet happen. Through the Shavano (accent on the first syllable: think of Navajo, Stan) Institute, George Roche of Hillsdale College is seeking to bring the businessmen who constitute the American way of life together with the conservative leaders who have sought to articulate that life's theory.

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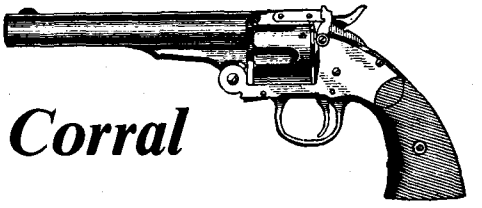
Besides the activists I mentioned earlier, the Broadmoor gathering included nearly two hundred successful capitalists, ready to carry the message out into the community and to bring more of their confreres to future Institute sessions. Meanwhile we await our Milton. □

GUNFIGHT *at the Shavano Corral*



BARTON WINFIELD

A SHOOTOUT is brewing in the shadow of the Continental Divide. The Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies, philosophical sandbox of Establishment liberalism since Harry Truman's time, is about to get some competition in its ideas-for-executives mission from a boisterous new conservative counterpart.

Aspen's programs to "sensitize business leaders to their social responsibilities by immersing them in a program of humanistic education" (*New York Times*, August 30, 1981) now reach far beyond that Rocky Mountain resort town to locations as distant as New York, West Berlin, and Maryland's Eastern Shore. Always mild, dignified, earnest, and high-toned, the Aspen Institute has played a significant role in helping enthrone relativist center-left thinking as the conventional wisdom in post-World War II America. No other organization of any stripe has challenged its dominance in the field of the businessmen's public-policy seminar.

Now, in the flat farm country of south-central Michigan, a small liberal-arts college with big ideas intends to do exactly that. Hillsdale College has established a Colorado beachhead for the 1980s which it calls the Shavano Institute for National Leadership. Hillsdale's president, George Roche, named the new institute after one of the continent's highest mountain peaks, located near his boyhood home in the central Rockies. Asked if Shavano aspires to become the Aspen Institute of the Right, Roche replies: "Not exactly. We expect they'll come to be known as the Shavano Institute of the Left."

"Liberalism is bankrupt," Roche goes on; "everyone acknowledges that. The American collectivist myth is dead, and the Eighties will be a time of flux in which a new consensus of dominant ideas gets defined—on levels much wider and deeper than campaign rhetoric and opinion polls. . . . An upheaval on the scale now shaking the American mind cannot really be pegged in terms of the old Right-Left spectrum, because it actually leads to relocation of a new center. . . . The Shavano Institute will be a forum where private-sector leaders can explore ways for them to be participants, not just spectators, in that process of renewal over the next couple of decades."

Hillsdale's Assets

Can Hillsdale do it? George Roche is no Henry Luce or Mortimer Adler, the two guiding spirits behind the Aspen Institute's founding. Shavano boasts no corporate angel. It has, in fact, not even settled yet on a permanent site for its Colorado seminars. But its initial assets are nonetheless substantial.

1. *Hillsdale knows the seminar business.* It started the Center for Constructive Alternatives (CCA) ten years ago to air public-policy issues for the college's one thousand undergraduates and the nearby community. Over four hundred public figures have spoken at the CCA since then, among them Reagan, Bush, Haig, Stockman, Kemp, Simon, Kristol, Buckley, Gilder, Hook, Muggeridge, Teller, Sowell, Hayek, Laffer, Nader, Kahn, Podhoretz, Voegelin, Tom Wolfe, Jesse Jackson.

2. *Hillsdale knows publications.* The Center for Constructive Alternatives publishes a monthly journal, *Imprimis*, that now goes to almost ninety thousand subscribers nationwide, including one thousand media contacts. The Hillsdale College Press has a number of titles in print, including seven volumes in the annual Ludwig von Mises lecture series.

3. *Television and the Ted Turner connection.* Shavano's fresh approach to the issues will reach not only executives (in groups of thirty) but also thirty million cable-television viewers under a deal Hillsdale has struck with Turner Broadcasting of Atlanta for a new monthly series to start as early as next April. A one-hour format called *Counterpoint* will combine short investigative documentaries on both sides of a controversy with a debate between nationally known spokesmen for either side.

4. *Shavano's principals are neither green nor bland.* George Roche ran seminars at the Foundation for Economic Education in New York for five years before becoming Hillsdale's president in 1971; he is the author of several books, a former columnist, and a nationally sought speaker. Hugh C. Fowler, vice president of the Shavano Institute, recently completed 12 years as a Colorado state senator; the former advertising executive is an expert on public education and one of Colorado's most articulate conservatives.

5. *The home-team lineup can hit.* Hillsdale College trustees include Representative Philip Crane of Illinois, a Hillsdale alumnus and a candidate for the 1980 Republican presidential nomination; Jay Van Andel, Chairman of Amway; former Treasury Secretary William Simon; Florida businessman and former GSA administrator Jack Eckerd; Frank Shakespeare, president of RKO General and former director of USIA; and Ross Adair, retired ambassador and congressman.

The purpose of the Shavano Institute, says George Roche, is to foster informed leadership and enlightened decision-making for America's third century by communicating the fundamental principles of freedom and order on which Western civilization is based. It all sounds rather buttoned-up compared to the Aspen Institute's president, Joseph Slater, who speaks trendily about the "chemistry" his programs achieve, and founding guru Mortimer Adler, who assigns his seminarians readings from John Gardner of Common Cause and has them do skits from Sophocles's *Antigone* wearing bedsheet togas. But on the map of Colorado one finds that the legend-shrouded summit of Mount Shavano is less than one hundred miles from the fashionable salons of Aspen valley—and getting closer, it appears, all the time. □

Mr. Winfield is a freelance writer who lives in Denver, Colorado.

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Abroad

Bucharest *The Polish Way*

After Poland, Rumania? Without attracting international attention, the Rumanian economy has slid deeply into debt to Western bankers, and the government is finding it difficult to keep up interest payments. No one here is sure just how big the debt is, but according to sources close to a private meeting of Western bankers and Rumanian treasury officials, it is at least $10 billion and could be as high as $15 billion. Heavy borrowing has been necessary in recent months to repay short-term credits and to finance exports. Rumanian President Nicolae Ceausescu lays the blame for much of his country's economic plight on the high interest rates prevailing in the West, which, he charged in a speech, were a form of "colonial exploitation" by Western authorities.

Acapulco *Subsidizing 'Good' News*

A United Nations committee has given the green light to the formation of an African news service within the framework of the so-called new world information order, a news-regulation scheme bitterly opposed by Western media. The service was allotted $1.5 million to get it started. The UN committee involved is part of the International Program for the Development of Communications, an outgrowth of the clamorous debates held periodically in UNESCO, the UN's cultural organization. UNESCO, with Soviet backing, has been urging the creation of such Third World news organizations designed to tell "good" news about developing countries, now allegedly maligned around the world by Western agencies. There was no further indication of how the African news agency might operate or what its outlets might be. With the UN committee's approval, the scene now shifts to Paris, where a full debate on the new world information order will resume later this year at a plenary UNESCO session.

Rome *Giving Good Faith a Try*

The first Iranian trade delegation to visit Italy since the overthrow of the Shah arrived here the other day in search of economic cooperation in all sectors and offering, naturally, unlimited oil in exchange. "We consider Italy to be a friendly country," said Budget and Planning Minister Mohammad Taghi Banki, "which has maintained the best relations with us despite pressure from the American Government." Denying that he was seeking loans—he wanted only commercial deals, he said—Banki assured Italian officials that the guarantee of any agreement would be "our honor and our desire to be bound in good faith by any contract we sign."

Athens *Opening to the PLO*

The Palestine Liberation Organization has obtained diplomatic status from the Greek government of Premier Andreas Papandreou, a "bold and important" step, according to PLO chief Yasir Arafat. He said that recognition conferred the same title the PLO has won in Madrid, Vienna, Malta, and Nicosia, and conveyed to it "all the rights and immunities." The PLO mission will be accredited at the same level as that of the Israeli diplomatic representation in the Greek capital. Like the Israelis, the PLO will have to settle for a mission that has less than full Embassy rank.

London *Reconciliating*

The re-establishment of full diplomatic relations between London and the Holy See for the first time since the sixteenth century dramatizes the importance of the visit of Pope John Paul II to what he describes as "that noble land" of England this spring. Between 1570, when Queen Elizabeth was excommunicated, and 1914, when provisional relations were resumed, there was almost no contact. Now Britain has raised its mission at the Vatican to the rank of embassy, and there will shortly be a pro-nuncio in the British capital. (The papal envoy will not be a full nuncio because that rank automatically demands leadership of the diplomatic corps.) The centerpiece of the Pope's visit will naturally be the close relationship between the Roman and Anglican churches, a relationship fostered in recent times by visits of successive Archbishops of Canterbury to Rome. Differences dividing the two communions are now largely dogmatic ones, and the Pope's upcoming visit to England is expected to create a climate which will help pacify if not eliminate them.

Montreal *Having It Both Ways*

A Russian car with two different fuel systems governed by a simple switch will soon be marketed in Canada, and at a competitive price. The four-door automobile, built by the Lada firm, will be powered either by propane or by gasoline depending on the driver's preference. Propane is about 40 per cent cheaper than gas in Canada. Canada has proved to be a good market for Soviet vehicles. Last year the conventionally powered Lada, which is not available in the United States, sold 14,000 models here. The Ford Motor Company of Canada has already brought out a propane-powered car, but its engine requires a conversion process if gasoline is to be used, and it costs upward of $10,000. The new double-fuel Lada is expected to retail for $5,996, thereby earning it the desirable position of being the cheapest four-door car in Canada.

Raeside, *Times-Colonist* Rothco

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A Present Mirror

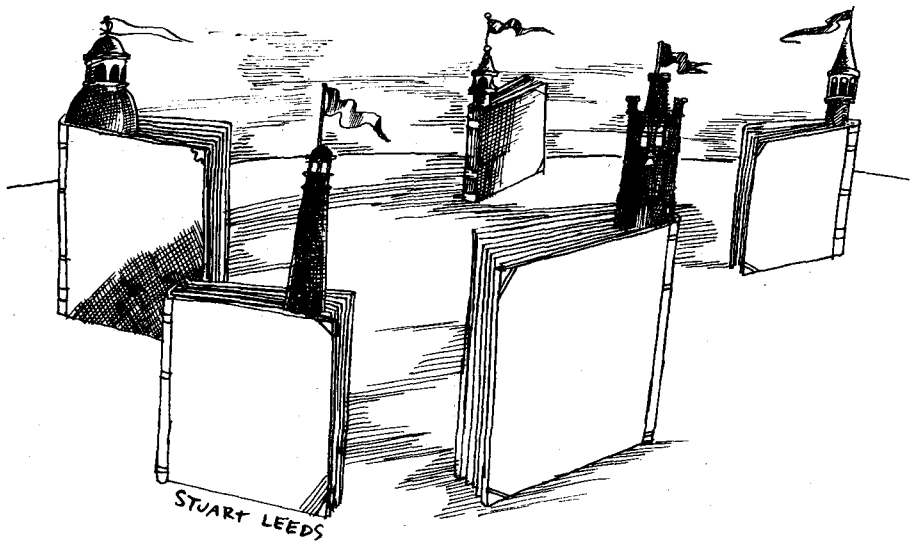
Practicing History
By Barbara W. Tuchman
Knopf, 306 pp., $16.50

FORREST McDONALD

Academic historians are generally contemptuous of non-academic historians, and doubly so if the latter habitually turn out best-sellers. The non-academics may be grievously wounded by the scholars' judgment of them and, as Liberace used to say, cry all the way to the bank; but if so, they have tended to keep their feelings to themselves. In this collection of essays, most of them written during the 25-year span when she was turning out one best-seller after another, Barbara Tuchman disdains the stiff upper lip, attempting not only to defend her trade but also to demonstrate that the academics are not always hot stuff themselves.

In many respects she succeeds. Part One of the collection, entitled "The Craft," contains eight essays which should be required reading for all graduate students in history and most academic practitioners as well. History, to Mrs. Tuchman, is an art not a science: one feels one's way into it, living with the sources until the integrating idea "evolves from the internal logic of the material." She is quietly devastating in her rejection of the recurring fads for employing social-science techniques in history; such methods, as she points out, lack "a certain element of common sense." She is equally effective in rejecting the work of academics who seem to think that unreadable prose is the essence of history. "Events happen; but to become history they must be communicated and understood. For that, history needs writers—preferably great writers," a Trevelyan, a Parkman, a Macaulay. There is some pretentiousness in these essays, as when Mrs. Tuchman claims that "I use material from primary sources only" (a claim often belied by her footnotes and bibliographies, and contradicted by her own later statement that she does most of her research among books in the New York Public Library); but there is also much in the way of both solid theory and practical advice.

It is when one turns to Part Two, a baker's dozen of samples of Mrs. Tuchman's work as a historian, styled "The Yield," that the flaws begin to appear: it becomes evident that Barbara Tuchman preaches better than she practices. To be sure, several of the selections are solid and perceptive, some (including those containing autobiographical snippets) are fascinating, and almost all are well-written. But there is an awful lot of bad history here, and repeated violations of Mrs. Tuchman's own canons. For instance, having warned us against the facile generalization unsupported by tangible evidence or illustration, she now bombards us with unsupported and unsupportable generalizations. World War I, we are told, was "the most terrible experience mankind as a whole ever suffered." American isolationists during that war were centered in "the largely Republican Midwest, with its 'hyphenated' settlements of German-Americans . . . , its Populist traditions, and its agrarian radicals." (As for the "hyphenates," the Irish, the Central Europeans, and the Russian and Polish Jews were quite as anti-interventionist as the Germans, and more numerous; as for Mrs. Tuchman's second and third



Charles Culhane *is a freelance writer living in the captivating hills of western New York State. . . .* **Jeffrey Hart**'s When the Going Was Good: American Life in the Fifties *is scheduled to be published this spring. . . .* **Forrest McDonald** *is a professor of history at the University of Alabama and the author of numerous books. . . .* **Mary Schwarz** *is an Associate Editor of* NR. *. . .* **J. O. Tate**, *Flannery O'Connor scholar, teaches English at Dowling College in New York. . . .* **Ralph de Toledano** *is a poet, novelist, critic, and syndicated columnist living in Washington, D.C.*

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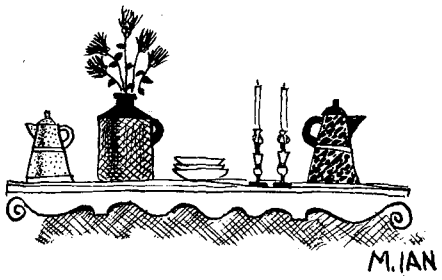
categories of isolationists, populism and agrarian radicalism were centered not in the Midwest but in the Plains.)

A related type of good theory and bad example is Mrs. Tuchman's urging of the use of corroborative detail to give vividness and verisimilitude to historical narrative. She does so, regularly and effectively, but the details unfortunately are not always accurate. To register a point about the influence of a minor diplomatic episode on the Republican national convention of 1904, for example, Mrs. Tuchman focuses upon "Uncle Joe Cannon, the salty perennial Speaker of the House, who was convention chairman" (Cannon was then in his first term as Speaker). To provide the corroborative detail regarding the anti-Germanism of "the upper and educated classes especially on the East Coast," she quotes Chief Justice Edward White, who happened to be from Louisiana. And so on.

The most serious gap between preaching and practice concerns matters of faith. Citing with approval Emerson's rule that "every scripture is entitled to be read in the light of the circumstances that brought it forth," she adds that "to understand the choices open to people of another time, one must limit oneself to what they knew; see the past in its own clothes, as it were, not in ours. To me this is an absolute." But let us turn from this sage advice to the Foreword of her most ambitious book, *A Distant Mirror*. We may note in passing a couple more stunning generalizations, that the Black Death of 1348-50 was "the most lethal disaster of recorded history" (which incidentally does not entirely square with the one about World War I) and that "there never was a time when more attention was given to money and possessions than in the fourteenth century."

But to the nub of the matter: after pointing out that the Christian religion was "the matrix and law of medieval life, omnipresent, indeed compulsory," she casually admits that the Christian ideal "requires a more religious bent than mine to identify with it." The ensuing six-hundred-plus pages abundantly attest not only to the fact that she cannot "identify with it," but that it is quite incomprehensible to her. The extent of her "religious bent" is made clear in one of the essays under review: seeing Israel's landscape "first-hand," she says, "one realizes it was no accident that God was invented and two



religions originated here." (She actually says that, mixed metaphor and all.)

The book has a Part Three, "Learning from History," which contains 14 brief pieces, most of them concerning Vietnam and Watergate. These are so exasperating that one is tempted to pronounce Mrs. Tuchman not guilty—of learning from history, that is—and let it go at that. This would, however, be neither accurate nor fair. The genuinely exasperating thing is that she has learned a great deal, and that what she writes is often informed by perceptiveness, even wisdom; and yet she has been unable to shake entirely free from the radical certainties of her youth. What she has not learned from history is that the historian stops where his passions and prejudices begin. □

Some Sort of Epic Grandeur: The Life of F. Scott Fitzgerald
By Matthew Bruccoli
Harcourt Brace, 624 pp., $25

THE FITZGERALD LEGEND

JEFFREY HART

Scott Fitzgerald was a great writer, but not by the usual measure. He produced one masterpiece in *Gatsby*, a Mona Lisa of a novel in *Tender Is the Night*, a book you are tempted to think is a great novel except when you are rereading it, and a limited number of first-rate short-stories. That does not amount to a major career. But Fitzgerald could do startling things within a sentence. He could achieve unexpected effects, crazy things beyond the prose imagination: "Her voice was full of money." The concentration of the unexpected, in the quantitatively small Fitzgerald major canon, is what makes him a major writer. There is no one like him.

Matthew Bruccoli is the pre-eminent Fitzgerald scholar of our times, and in this book he has accomplished an overdue task. He has done for Fitzgerald what, for example, Carlos Baker did for Hemingway. He has given us a reliable biography, based upon an exhaustive examination of the evidence, which deserves the adjective, *definitive*. If you want to know, and I did, where Scott Fitzgerald was on March 26, 1920, when *This Side of Paradise* was published, you get the answer here—and it's important. "At the end of February, Fitzgerald moved to the Cottage Club because he wanted to be in Princeton when *This Side of Paradise* was published." This first novel was a love-poem to Princeton by an ambitious part-Irish-Catholic literary genius; naturally he wanted to be there. Bruccoli mostly avoids analysis and speculation about Fitzgerald's emotions. But this *fact* makes analysis unnecessary.

It is odd that we have had to wait so long for this kind of useful book about Fitzgerald. Arthur Mizener's critical biography appeared in 1951, Andrew Turnbull's biography in 1962. Mizener pioneered in raising important literary-critical questions, but, biographically, his research was thin—and he was too much under the influence of Budd Schulberg's novel *The Disenchanted*, which depicted an almost destroyed Fitzgerald in the final years. Turnbull's biography was elegant and moving but, from a scholar's point of view, also thin.

BRUCCOLI has done the job. The essential outlines do not change. But there are some fascinating new things, large and small, for both Fitzgerald devotees and general readers, *viz.*:

1. Is it possible that a prep-school student could write this well? Check the passage on page 35, written by FSF at the Newman School.

2. I had not known, but I am glad to know, that Fitzgerald actually had a friend named Isabelle Amorous, the sister of a Newman student.

3. The major critical speculation in which Bruccoli engages is whether the superb story "The Rich Boy" might not have been expanded into a *Gatsby*-sized novella. I think Bruccoli's instincts are correct here: "The long story is written novelistically, employing the partially involved narrator Fitzgerald had developed in *The Great Gatsby*; but the writing stretched over four or five months, during which he was drink-

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RANDOM NOTES

■ LAST FEBRUARY TITLES: Paul Horgan's new novel is *Mexico Bay* (Farrar, $12.95), about a woman and the four men in her life. . . . *Writers and Friends: A Memoir* (Little, Brown, $15.95) is by Edward Weeks, editor emeritus of *The Atlantic Monthly*; it includes sketches of Walter Lippmann, Vladimir Nabokov, Eudora Welty, and other literary folk with whom Weeks acquired some familiarity in his career of 57 years.

■ SOME MARCH TITLES: In *Why We Were in Vietnam* (Simon & Schuster, $14.50), Norman Podhoretz makes a trenchant defense of American military intervention in the struggle between Hanoi and Saigon. . . . *The New Right Papers* (St. Martin's, $12.95), edited by Robert W. Whitaker, contains essays by William A. Rusher, Jeffrey Hart, Richard Viguerie, Ronald F. Docksai, and others.

Thomas McGuane's new novel is *Nobody's Angel* (Random House, $14.50), about a tank commander who returns from the peacetime army to his ranch in Montana.

■ LIT TALK: The Mobil Foundation, too often a flabby stooge for anything falling under the rubric of "culture," has concluded that the so-called Writers' Congress sponsored last October by *The Nation* went too far; it is demanding the return of the thousand-dollar check it donated to the Congress in July. The Foundation charges that the meeting "was not directed at preserving the character and quality of our literary culture—it was a political platform to advance causes contrary to the fundamental democratic ideals upon which America is based. . . . The political positions taken by the Congress are an anathema, and we disavow any association with them. . . . We would point out that the system you abhor has provided very substantial material well-being to most of those listed on your letterhead. . . . We resent being deceived about the nature of the Congress." —CW

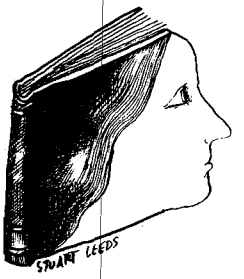
ing heavily and working with many interruptions (one of which was for 'A Penny Spent,' a *Post* story written in July). If he had been writing under more orderly conditions, the 17,000-word novelette might have evolved into a *Gatsby*-length novel of fifty thousand words and reinforced the critical respect *The Great Gatsby* had elicited. Instead, nine years elapsed before Fitzgerald had another novel in the bookstores."

Yes. It was during the five years after *Gatsby* that Fitzgerald's career went off the tracks, through mania, alcohol, and Zelda. And, yes. "The Rich Boy"—it is full of possibilities—should have been a new novel by FSF.

4. But, still, how much he *did* accomplish. Under impossible conditions. John Dos Passos knew why: "'When he talked about writing his mind, which seemed to me full of preposterous notions about most things, became clear and hard as diamond.'"

5. Through a study of all of the manuscript material, and the exchanges of letters on the subject, Bruccoli demolishes the feminist claim that Zelda was Fitzgerald's "collaborator," though Zelda does come off as very intelligent and talented. Fitzgerald, asserting his professional claims, demanded first use of their experience as his material. In my judgment, Fitzgerald was right, but this is sticky stuff. The semi-mad and going-madder Zelda could write readable things that you can respect about their mutual experience. Fitzgerald, the professional writer who paid all the bills, asserted his sole claim to that experience.

One unorthodox thought, about *The Last Tycoon*. When Fitzgerald dropped dead on December 21, 1940 in the apartment of his mistress Sheilah Graham, God may well have been his editor. *The Last Tycoon* is not a novel, only a few unfinished chapters, plus a plan. The chapters have concision and magic. The projected plan is disastrous. It looks as if Fitzgerald was planning a long novel involving labor unions, Communists, political questions—junk as far as his real gifts were concerned. Maybe we have the best of *The Last Tycoon*.



But, a nice thought—from one who has a book in the works about both Fitzgerald and Hemingway. I have always treasured the following sentences, part of the Fitzgerald legend but also part of the Fitzgerald joy, which FSF wrote to John Peale Bishop, misspellings and all, in 1925 (a good year for prose and poetry): "I'm crazy to see your novel. I'm starting a new one myself. There was no one in Antibes this summer except me, Zelda, the Valentino, the Murphy's, Mistinguet, Rex Ingram, Dos Passos, Alice Terry, the McLieshes, Charlie Bracket, Maude Kahn, Esther Murphy, Marguerite Namara, E. Phillips Openhiem, Mannes the violinist, Floyd Dell, Max and Chrystal Eastman, ex-Premier Orlando, Ettienne de Beaumont—just a real place to rough it, an escape from the world." □

Collected Poems
By Sylvia Plath
Edited and with an introduction by Ted Hughes
Harper & Row, 351 pp., $17.50; paperback, $7.95

A CUPFUL OF WORDS

MARY SCHWARZ

Sylvia Plath is undoubtedly one of the best, if not the best, of American poets of her generation. *Ariel*, the posthumously published collection of Plath's last poems, has had, to quote George Steiner, the most "vivid and disturbing impact on English critics and readers" since Dylan Thomas's *Deaths and Entrances*. Her imitators are legion; there is hardly a poem in the magazines that does not bear the mark of her style. But popular enthusiasms are uncritical almost by definition, and the often horrific content of Plath's later verse makes critical assessment of her poetry difficult.

Her ideas do not really add up to a philosophy. She dismissed the work of the intellect as barren; including the calculations of versifying. Transcendent reality, whether Christian or Platonic (i.e., Western), is symbolized in her poetry by clouds—far and indifferent. Like Yeats, she turned to myth for form-giving principles. In a hurry to succeed, she borrowed from the paintings of de Chirico, from Sir James Frazer's *The Golden Bough*, and from Robert Graves's *The White Goddess*.

Her nihilism, which sometimes strikes the false note of the hipster, was relentless, inventive, and wry. "Sow," a five-finger exercise in Plathian wit, is a bearable example for the uninitiated:

But one dusk our questions
commended us to a tour
Through his lantern-lit

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Maze of barns to the lintel of the sunk sty door

To gape at it:
This was no rose-and-larkspurred china suckling
With a penny slot

For thrifty children, no dolt pig ripe for heckling
About to be
Glorified for prime flesh and golden crackling

In a parsley halo;
Nor even one of the common barnyard sows,
Mire-smirched and blowzy,

Maunching thistle and knotweed on her snout-cruise—
Bloat tun of milk
On the move, hedged by a litter of feat-foot ninnies

The holocaust poems in *Ariel*, such as "Daddy" or "Lady Lazarus," are unbearable. ("Ariel" means "altar of God," and refers in Isaiah 29:1 to Jerusalem.) The reason for her fame, they will probably lead to her neglect when the fashion ebbs.

But we can enjoy a poet for one thing and not another. Baudelaire describes sin in his verse so well that sin can almost be contracted from reading it, but we don't doubt his success as a poet. Plath's suicidal ethos does not cancel out her mastery over rhyme and meter.

The undeveloped state of English rhyme is one reason why American poets, or poetry editors, have been quick to jettison it. In 1956, the year Plath wrote her first mature poems, all the poems in *The New Yorker* rhymed. And what rhymes! *Slain* and *reign*; *quest* and *jest*; *shades* and *glades*. By 1963, the year of Plath's death, none of the poems rhymed; except Auden's.

Plath played with diphthongs and vowels so subtly that the rhyme wings by the ear. You're not even sure you've heard it. She rhymed *entirely* and *jointed*; *origins* and *mountains*; *iron* and *return*; *oracle*, *labored*, and *throat*; *gaudy*, *indestructible*, and *oil*.

Some of her best poems dispense with rhyme altogether; some may only have the appearance of doing so, for example in this excerpt from "The Eye-Mote":

Blameless as daylight I stood looking
At a field of horses, necks bent, manes blown,

Tails streaming against the green
Backdrop of sycamores. Sun was striking
White Chapel pinnacles over the roofs,
Holding the horses, the clouds, the leaves

Steadily rooted though they were all flowing
Away to the left like reeds in the sea
When the splinter flew in and stuck my eye,
Needling it dark. Then I was seeing
A melding of shapes in a hot rain:
Horses warped on the altering green,

Outlandish as double-humped camels or unicorns,
Grazing at the margins of a bad monochrome,
Beasts of oasis, a better time.
Abrading my lid, the small grain burns:
Red cinder around which I myself,
Horses, planets, and spires revolve.

Few of her poems are perfect; many are marred by caustic or Gothic denouements. But there are abundant phrases and images that are superb. Here are a few: *"Tonight in the infinitesimal light of the stars, the trees and flowers have been strewing their cool odors"*; *"In air / Stilled, silvered as water in a glass"*; and from the poem titled "Leaving Early": *"Lady, what am I doing / With a lung full of dust and a tongue of wood, / knee-deep in the cold and swamped with flowers?"*

Ted Hughes has described Plath's early working method, her father's old red leather-bound Thesaurus open on her knee, "putting a thick dark ring of ink around each word that stirred for her on the page of the Thesaurus." Her careful collection of a cupful of words recalls Emily Dickinson, another dictionary reader. Among Dickinson's favorite words were "intoxicating," "bliss," and "quartz." Plath's corresponding favorites were "ecstasy," "blank," and "granite." Like Dickinson, Plath makes us hear old words as though they were freshly minted: "bird" or "sing" are words in her poetry that sound like beautiful phrases.

Plath labored over her work. She submitted 45 pieces to *Seventeen* before her first short-story was published when she was 18. The *Collected Poems* contains 337 poems written between 1956 and her death at the age of 31 in February 1963; and an appendix of juvenilia. In an age of poetry volumes as slim as the decades that produce them, that is prodigious—especially when we consider that she was either working or raising children in those years. Her talent, her sheer breadth, exceeded that of any American poet writing in this half of the century. If we realize how little that might be saying, we can only value her gifts the more. □

Land in America:
Its Value, Use, and Control
By Peter Wolf
Pantheon Books, 592 pp., $20

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND?

J. O. TATE

The fragmentary view of the citizen, even the insight of the poet, will not deliver to us entire the panorama of civilization. The devout conservationist shucks his Earth Shoes and stays at home to munch alfalfa sprouts and peruse the prose of John Muir: he can't be bothered to attend the latest tedious meeting of the local zoning board. Similarly, your basic Rotarian's view of events is a narrow one: often unhistorical, unduly optimistic, and never binocular. The future is created while those most concerned (the citizenry) look the other way.

Peter Wolf—chairman of the Board of Fellows of the Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies, adjunct professor at the School of Architecture of

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ONCE UPON A TIME, long, long ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers. Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody*. Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And Lo these many years we have asked our readers to do us this favor: to rrriiippp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!

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Cooper Union, and planning consultant to government, corporations, and individuals—does not look the other way. What he sees he tells us in *Land in America.*

The land we live on and are nourished by (and finally are buried in) is the very material of our country. The U.S.A. may be seen as a continental venture in land speculation. Yet the value, use, and control of our land are governed—or not governed—by a bewildering array of local, state, and federal codes, laws, and decisions. Obscurely connected phenomena abound: it's *estate taxes* that cause most land sales. "Land speculation is one of the most treacherous ways to deploy venture capital." Yet the patriarchs Franklin, Jefferson, and Washington were land speculators; Washington, D.C. itself began as land speculation, right down to the sales broadside.

Peter Wolf's book is a compendious survey of the subject of land, written for laymen. His encyclopedic approach includes many historical, cultural, political, and legal aspects. He takes in the city, the suburbs, the rural areas; the influence of developments in transportation and recreation; the presence of vast federal reserves and corporate holdings. His receptivity to paradoxical experience and information, his flexibility in entertaining "hateful contraries," well become him as he contemplates the vagaries of the marketplace and the dizzying dynamics of history.

> Today a trip through Yellowstone is more like a family outing on Saturday to the regional shopping center than an inspirational visit to the wilderness. There is a lot of traffic to get through, a lot to buy once you get through it, and a lot of other folks doing the same thing at the same time—and all of them are competing for the same parking places. The pilgrimage to the wilderness, like the pilgrimage to salvation at Lourdes, is now overwhelmed by the car and by consumerism. Even the scenery, like a product, is consumed. People go out to, say, the Grand Canyon to confirm that it really does look like all of the pictures of it they have so often seen in the background of automobile ads. Armed with a camera, people shoot their picture, then move on. The photography validates the trip—proves to all back home, and for all time, that "we were there."

Mr. Wolf is at his best in disentangling reality and myth. For instance: we are not "running out of land"; America has huge land resources, and people will be using less of it—even if one-half of the total national wealth is in real estate. Mr. Wolf says that "Regulation in the name of the public interest is always presumptuous. It presumes that someone knows what the public interest is, or even that someone knows *who* the public is." One the other hand, he believes that environmental regulation, like zoning, will come to be "cherished" because it raises land values. He insists that "All else being equal, when property taxes go up, land values go down." In general, Mr. Wolf sees such movements as environmental protection, conservation, and historic preservation as not only in the public interest, but also a source of profit through the enhancement of value. He sees some farmland preservation programs as misguided and insupportable, but is an advocate of open-space preservation instead. In the city, he finds the "development rights transfer" a reconciling and liberating opportunity for the urban future.

Peter Wolf's "personal interpretative tap dance around an immense issue" is one of many steps, including a paradiddle of photographs, maps, and diagrams, and a usefully extensive bibliography. He doesn't flinch from stating what sound real-estate investments may be made, and where, but his real message is to inform by elevating awareness. Mr. Wolf has written the opposite of a vulgar how-to book. One of his strongest themes is cautionary: if you want to buy land, then you'd better know what you're doing. Yet he is no doomsayer. One of the most striking qualities of his book is its establishment of grounds for legitimate hope for the future of land in America.

Mr. Wolf rightly quotes Gerald O'Hara on land (Tara, to be specific): "'Tis the only thing worth working for, worth fighting for—worth dying for." It's a consolation to see Mr. Wolf fail to spell Scarlett O'Hara's given name with two t's, as he seems to know everything you always wanted to know about land, but were afraid to ask. □

Crackers
By Roy Blount Jr.
Knopf, 291 pp., $10.95

POSSUM FAIR

CHARLES CULHANE

If the U.S. bureaucratic hydra ever sprouts a Department to Suppress Laughter, Blount will be high on its squish list. The blurbs on the jacket are intimidating, with encomiums from Norman Mailer, Tom Wolfe, and William F. Buckley Jr. The latter says, "Roy Blount Jr. establishes himself as a major humorist." As a disestablished minor critic I hastily affix my imprimatur for all the correct reasons. Firstly, my fee; secondly, he's really that good.

The contents are drawn from pieces previously published in *The New Yorker*, *Playboy*, *Esquire*, *Texas Monthly*, and *Sports Illustrated*; some of the pieces have been refurbished, and some fresh material seems to have been added. The 23 chapters have titles like "The Invocation," "Pissing and Moaning," "Drugs in the White House," "Possumism," and "The Curse of Georgians." After a few sentences one is aware that here is someone a lot better than Kim Il-sung's ghostwriter; after a few chapters Mark Twain and Richard Pryor are getting a run for their money; at book's end Phyllis Diller and Rabelais are on the ropes. For the dour Menckens among us, a good dose of this will do you good. For the slightly comatose, a rereading is even better.

One chapter, called "Redneck Androgyny," begins with Sergeant Margaret T. Hawthorne, White House guardswoman, saying, "I still haven't gotten a good look at the President. All I can tell you about Jimmy Carter is that he comes up to my chin." And there's quite a melange of zany Carter characters:

> Martha Carter Kelvinator, 48, Bullard Dam, Georgia, who is married to a top-loading automatic washer. "Yeah, I got the durn thing back here a few years ago

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and it washed my things s'good, I, well, I just fell in love with it . . . Yeah, shore Jimmy come to the wedding, but I don't know what for. He hardly spoke a word to Kel, just stuck his head in at the reception like he had to get somers else. Jimmy's funny. I don't know. I don't think tell the truth Jimmy knows how to just let *loose*."

But Blount does. The barbs fly in all directions, uncannily accurate in homing in on our funny bones, schticking the myths, shibboleths, and isms mercilessly. He takes a couple of potshots, too. A jab at Gore Vidal, a swipe at Bob Dylan, a grunt at complacent Northern liberals, a groan-along with Southern liberals that he can turn into a song:

I got the redneck White House blues,
The man just makes me more and more confused.
He's in all the right churches,
And all the wrong pews.
I got the redneck White House blues.

One turns to "Drugs in the White House" expecting a little dirt. Actually, Blount says, "A person from Georgia needs no drugs; I had Lester Maddox for my governor." He then goes on for about three-quarters of the chapter with a panning paean to Maddox's mordant political reign. And then he gets back to the drugs:

> Oh drugs may be fine, but to my mind they don't compare with the further reaches of rhetoric, on the one hand, or, on the other, with a person's first banana or blue plum. . . . But then I don't guess you would want to eat bananas and blue plums day in and day out for four years.
>
> But cocaine? Well, I don't think there is such a thing as a good old boy who is constantly wired. If the Carter Administration were habitually coked up, national policy would be like Hollywood movies of recent years, and whatever you think of Jimmy's national policy, it hasn't been that bad. I do think, however, that a good old boy under, say, fifty who gets ahold of a little cocaine might not want it to go to waste.

I'll snort to that! But Blount is at his best when he's describing his own antics. Clowning with Jerry Clower, a country comedian, in Yazoo City, Mississippi; on the road in Arizona with country rocker Jerry Jeff Walker, down in Plains with Billy Carter (his favorite Carter), Sybil, and their kids, goofing on the tourists; at a friend's house where Jimmy Carter was to spend the night, repairing a styrofoam ball on a

An objective look at determining . . .

The Limits of Government Regulation

Edited by JAMES F. GATTI

This book presents a collection of eight original articles and one excerpt from a previously published study—all of which deal with the problem of establishing the proper degree of government intervention in the economy of the United States. The articles cover a wide range of topics from the link between political and economic freedom to the extent of government influence on Japan's economic resurgence. CONTENTS: Foreword by Malcolm F. Severance. *James F. Gatti,* An Overview of the Problem of Government Regulation. FREEDOM, JUSTICE, AND PUBLIC POLICY. *William E. Simon,* Government Regulation and a Free Society. *Harry J. Bolwell;* A New Threat to Freedom: The Challenge of the 1980s. *Thomas Sowell,* Poverty, the Distribution of Income, and Social Policy: Some Thoughts. THE UNFORESEEN CONSEQUENCES OF REGULATION. *John O'Sullivan,* Is Mrs. Thatcher Curing the British Disease? *Murray L. Weidenbaum,* An Overview of Government Regulation. *The Business Roundtable and Arthur Andersen & Co.,* Cost of Government Regulation Study. THE PROBLEM OF REFORM. *Thomas A. Murphy,* The Distressing Relationship between Government and Business. *Allen R. Ferguson and Murray L. Weidenbaum,* The Problem of Balancing the Costs and Benefits of Regulation: Two Views. *James F. Gatti,* Reindustrialization: A Cure Worse Than the Disease?

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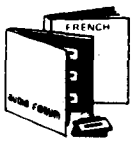

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quirky toilet, pondering the tenuous service he was rendering to the seat of power; with his wife, Joan, at a possum fair in Alabama where she's named Miss Possum International and he's a judge along with the president of the Possum Growers & Breeders Association of America, Inc.

A transplanted Georgian living in Massachusetts, Blount gives a many-angled view of people and landscapes many of us have never had the good (or bad) fortune to see. □

TELEVISION

RATHER AWFUL

JOSEPH SOBRAN

I wonder if the TV industry is planning to give Emmy awards in a couple of new categories—Best News Segment on the Impact of Administration Budget Cuts on the Lame, the Halt, and the Blind, and Best Cameo Performance by a Welfare Mama. If so, the competition is certainly going to be intense. Hardly an evening passes without a poverty tear-jerker on at least one of the three network news programs.

A new sub-genre has been added this winter: the Plight of the Homeless. This one seems to have been launched not by the regular news shows but by *60 Minutes*. Ed Bradley did a bit on the gents of the Bowery, and the next thing you knew the Homeless had become the staple of the local news too, at least in New York and Philadelphia.

Bradley spoke of these pathetic men —some of them young—as "dispossessed." They used to be called winos. He didn't explain the new terminology, but I suppose the suggestion is that they are typically the victims of forged wills or something. (Society's neglect, perhaps?) Far be it from any enlightened newsman to blame a Bowery bum for his own fate.

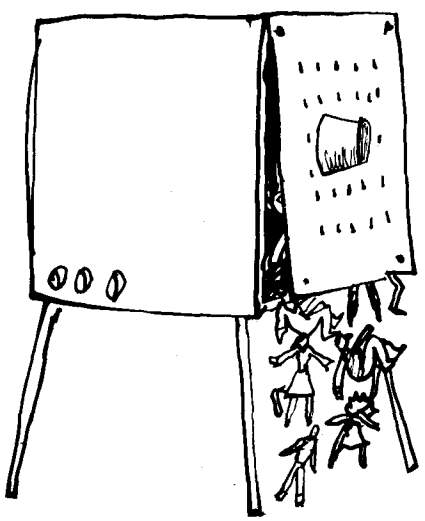
The winter blizzard of ideology seems to be worst on CBS. On Christmas Eve a story thereon concerning the Plight of the Elderly turned into a sarcastic attack on the Reagan Administration; Dan Rather even left his desk to do a bit of New Class field work, interviewing—no, not an Elderly Person, but a young woman who had *written a book* on hunger in America. Dan may be making a million a year, but he hasn't forgotten his roots.

The *CBS Evening News* plans to expand to a full hour in a couple of years. Meanwhile, it has found room within its cramped half-hour for commentary, in the person of Bill Moyers. Considering the reportage, Moyers's soft-socialist moralizing is a little redundant, but who knows, maybe there are viewers out there who find Rather himself inscrutable. I have seen Moyers twice in this new role. The first time was an act of ventriloquism in which he wondered aloud what Martin Luther King would have said about a society that cuts social services and increases military spending. The second was a first-year evaluation of the Reagan Presidency in which he accused the Administration of "throwing the weakest among us overboard," thereby increasing the chances of "class and racial strife."

Well, maybe—especially if Bill and Dan and the crew can raise the consciousness of the downtrodden somewhat. The raised consciousness was much in evidence among the distaff members of the news teams, who have devoted much feline attention to that affront to egalitarian etiquette, Nancy Reagan's wardrobe. It's a wonder they don't ask Coretta King what she thinks about a First Lady who wears satin gowns while our bag ladies wear rags.

Thus we are kept, uh, informed. The rather plain truth is that TV news doesn't offer much in the way of information: the camera is less an eye than a searchlight, hunting down favorite targets selected by political predilection. It shows us not what is "there" but what it wants us to see.

One especially revealing incident surfaced when the press discovered that Mike Wallace, crusading liberal, had made an ethnic joke about "tacos and watermelons," little suspecting that his words were being taped and hoarded. He later explained that he had merely been trying to draw out the "latent racist" views, if any, of the man he was interviewing—thereby admitting that he was engaged in entrapment. The victim gave Mike a dose of his own.



What irony! Wallace is a specialist in "exposing" others—amateurs who aren't used to being ambushed by professional muckrakers. What makes it especially unfair, and deceptive, is that the Wallaces can usually edit out the parts that show themselves in a bad light. (When he learned he had been taped *in flagrante*, Wallace asked the intended embarrassee to be a sport and erase it.)

At the end of all the news processing the public sees a moral melodrama in which the good guys, the reporters, reveal the baseness of everybody else. It's supposed to shake the complacency of the American public, show us that "other America" of hunger and racism and general seaminess. Though it won't have any great effect, the Wallace affair gave us a behind-the-scenes glimpse of the accusers.

We could use more. How much of his enormous income does Dan Rather give to charity? How much do all those high-minded girl reporters spend on clothes and cosmetics? How much do Ed Bradley, Bill Moyers, and Mike Wallace do on their own time, out of their personal resources, for the people they crusade for on the airwaves? How much of all that telegenic virtue actually trickles down to the needy? □

SOUND ON DISC

THE BEST OF BRAHMS

RALPH de TOLEDANO

George Bernard Shaw, who was very perceptive about music but as often wrong, once remarked that listening to the Brahms *German Requiem* was a sacrifice that could be asked of a man only once in his life. Shaw was probably upset because in that oratorio—by no standard is it truly a *requiem*—God is frequently mentioned, which to a

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Fabian would be an abomination. I mention Shaw's lame scherzo only to note that more nonsense has been written about Brahms than about any other composer, with the possible exception of Berlioz.

Contemporary and later critics found his compositions long-winded, artificial, complex. The *German Requiem* has its *longueurs*, true, but one need only listen to the resplendent new recording by Bernard Haitink and the Vienna Philharmonic (Philips 6769 055) of these settings to passages from the Bible to realize that Brahms's commentary on man's fate is conspicuously worthy of serious attention. To my perhaps biased mind, Brahms should never have written vocal or chamber music. He had one instrument, the orchestra—and it was in the symphonies and the concertos that he was most truly himself. The symphonies have been praised till Hell won't have them. To me, however, they are surpassed by the concertos.

Now there are two barriers which stand between us and those concertos. The first is the mythology which surrounded the composer himself. The second is the musical warfare of the period in which he wrote. Color me non-Freudian if I submit that the facts of Brahms's personal life are not even *obiter scripta* to an understanding and comprehension of his music. Yes, he did begin his musical career at age nine playing piano in a whorehouse. Yes, he was so given to ladies of easy virtue that his great love for Clara Schumann was never consummated. Yes, he humbly put himself down as the Cherubini of his era. Yes, he dropped ashes all over his waistcoat.

The musical warfare is something else again. Brahms had not too much use for that great room-emptier, Richard Wagner, and this cost him dearly. Throughout his musical life, he remained loyal to the Beethoven ideal—the classicism *cum* romanticism, or vice versa. But this is more a question of labels than of style or content. Listen to the cello take up the theme in the andante of the Double Concerto in A Minor and you can argue more than a passing acquaintance with the *Harold in Italy* of Berlioz. Listen to the tutti of the piano concertos and you are in an earlier time.

Tear up the labels and listen to the concertos. It is there that you will hear the best of Brahms, great as the symphonies may be. And for those who listen to music with their ears, rather than with nose in score, there is a great bonus. In reissue, the two piano concertos have been recorded by Rudolf Serkin with the fine Cleveland Orchestra under George Szell (Columbia MG 31421); the Double Concerto has been recorded by Itzhak Perlman and Mstislav Rostropovich, with the Concertgebouw Orchestra conducted by Haitink (Angel SZ 37680).

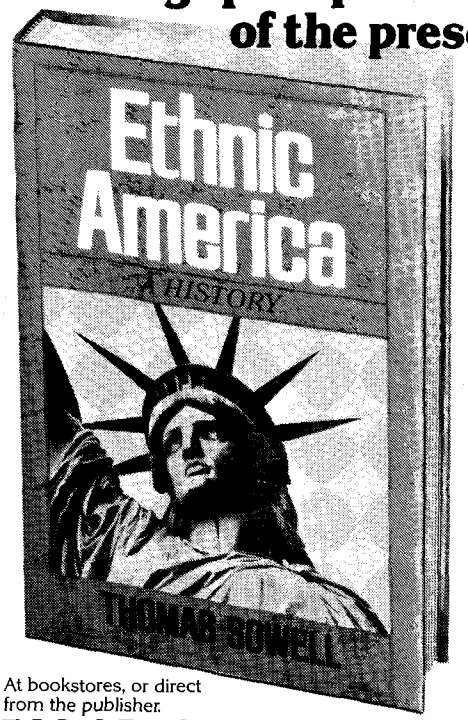
Serkin alone is worth the price of admission. Take any five recordings of Beethoven's *Appassionata* and compare them to Serkin's rendition. His is the only one that fully understands what Beethoven was doing and makes a unified whole of this difficult sonata. It is not only Serkin's musicianship and technique and sensitivity, but his comprehension.

The two Brahms piano concertos, No. 1 in D Minor and No. 2 in B-Flat, have been seized by many hands—and if you want bravura and drive, Solomon's recordings would be your dish of spirits. But a Brahms piano concerto requires a special approach. It is not a dialogue between piano and orchestra but an integrated orchestral entity—so much so that one of Brahms's contemporaries brushed aside the D Minor and the B-Flat as symphonies with

"An important book...

a signpost pointing to the probable future direction of the present national Administration."

—David Herbert Donald, front page, New York Times Book Review



David Herbert Donald's review continues: "The heart of Mr. Sowell's book consists of separate but interrelated chapters that trace the historical experience of nine of the largest American ethnic groups....ETHNIC AMERICA is at once useful as a concise history and significant as a quiet but powerful attack on liberal beliefs about minorities, racism, segregation, and affirmative action."

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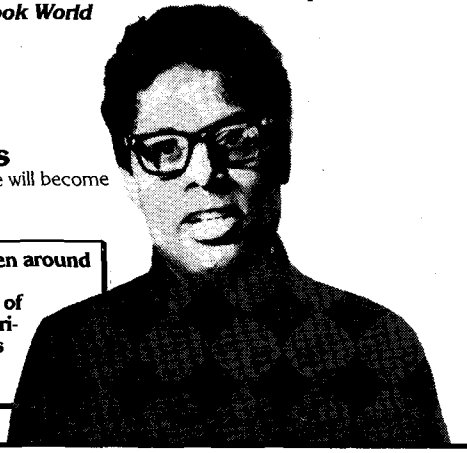

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piano obbligato. It takes a pianist of strength, restraint, and maturity to rise with these rich and powerful scores—yet a pianist who, like Serkin, can come on full pedal against the whole orchestra in the first movement of the D Minor and make himself felt. The B-Flat, somewhat like Beethoven's No. 4, begins with the pensive voice of the piano, but it too develops its orchestral muscle.

It is a little late to rhapsodize over Brahms's beautiful and evocative melodic invention. It is notably there in the piano concertos. But if further example is needed, there is always the Double Concerto. And here again, the choice of soloists in the Angel recording is wonderfully evocative. Like Serkin, Perlman and Rostropovich can meet the orchestra. And in the legato solo passages, they play with a purity of tone and a perfection of phrasing that is a musical experience in itself.

With typical humility, Brahms apologized for "writing for instruments whose character and sound I can only incidentally imagine" rather than for the piano which "I know out and out." Tovey, on the other hand, realized that Brahms did not try to make the Double Concerto a "systematic display of the charms" of the violin and cello "but simply expressed some of his most powerful and dramatic ideas as if the combination of instruments was perfectly familiar." To make the concerto a showpiece for the solo instruments would have challenged Brahms's entire commitment to the orchestra.

Today, it is difficult to understand why these concertos were so badly received, coming into their own only much later. Perhaps the critics resented Brahms's devotion to a classical tradition—a devotion which nevertheless allowed him to encompass a romantic *Geist*. □

The GIMLET EYE

PSYCHED UP

D. KEITH MANO

The cards are fanned out. My future might be a lost game of solitaire, spread there. The psychic has begun to seem irresolute. Heart, spade, diamond, club: seven rows, seven in each row,

plus three is 52. Will my wife leave me for a six-man Marine color guard? Should I sell pork bellies long? Never mind that: will my new novel bring fame, fortune, and the love of painted women?

It's a dark winter afternoon: at any season, here. His small apartment, strewn not furnished, has been done up in all colors of the spectrum—from light brown to dark brown. I wait: this place could give me a contact low. The psychic is cautious: has my death announcement been withheld pending notification of relatives? Then he will touch one card and say:

"I'm not sure. I could be wrong—"

"Yes? So? Go ahead, tell me. What?"

"I think you should be eating more green vegetables."

Hum. Well . . . Bill Cessna, my psychic, has certainly been eating a lot of Swiss chard, you can see that. The paunch is jocose and pound-foolish. His eyes seem prophet-sad: each orb the size of a scooped melon ball. No one I'd rather have lay my cards on his table. An encouraging smile: big, naïve teeth like 32 proud snowflake children in their fourth-grade pageant. Cessna, who got his degree from Juilliard, has been writing a song for Michael Jackson. (There are pronounced if indefinite connections between music and extrasensory skill.) He also has an invention or two pending patent pending. Moreover, by his own admission and despite that three-stroke stomach hazard, Cessna can play "brilliant" par golf. Of late, though, he has satisfied the landlord by reading "fifty people per week" at an East Side restaurant. And, sure, I don't eat enough water cress. But that, as far as psychic insights go, is a gimme putt.

"I used to throw the tarot. But I find that I do better with a regular deck. I feel more psychic, more comfortable. I don't subscribe to all the hocus-pocus. I'm a rational, Capricorn doubting Thomas. The cards are about 30 per cent of what I do. And the psychic faculty—or faculties—start to turn on. I look at the cards and try to weave a little story. And sometimes I find by touching them—it's called psychometry—I'll get a little flash on something. In addition the cards have meaning. I learned a system of meanings that were given to me by the person who taught me. Through doing it, I've sort of come up with my own meanings. It's a combination of what your cards say and what they inspire."

I push the squelch button on my skepticism. Spiritual or psychic energy must exist after all: to be measured in message units of some yet unknown kind. In England once, coming up from anaesthesia after a minor but sudden operation, I found this telegram from my mother on the bedside table: FEEL YOU ARE ILL. PLEASE WIRE. She has sensed my discomfort while washing New York dishes: at that exact moment when I went into surgery. There are secret switchboards, I don't doubt it, though the human brain isn't quite a Princess telephone. We don't direct-dial.

STILL, Cessna's soothsaying might seem to be, if not plain delphic, at least very wide-spectrum medicine indeed. He'll ask me, "Would the initials S or F, first or last name, mean something?" Well, every dog and cat of us must know a Suzy, Frank, Smith, or Fisher: you don't need Nostradamus for that. Cessna will also often shift his prediction from me to my wife. "Is a tooth maybe bothering you, upper left side?" Uh-uh. "Your wife then?" Of course there are times when that special overseas operator has put Cessna weirdly through. Last year he did see my wife with facial hair. Odd prediction, I thought. Yet soon thereafter she played Sylvia in *Recruiting Officer*. With, yes, a mustache.

I've noticed, too, that Cessna doesn't hawk bad news. In fact the man is forever apologizing for my fate. Tooth problem: "Gee, I hope not." Family quarrel: "Could be wrong there." I ask Cessna what he'd do if the deck turned up a malignant tumor in, say, my jack

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Dark Horses

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

TERRORISM, Leon Trotsky wrote, consists of tactics which "*kill individuals* and *intimidate thousands.*" (Admirable, how clearly the Santa Claus of the radical Left perceived the world, how directly he phrased his perceptions.) Of course, in Trotsky's case, killing, mutilation, and public terror were advocated for the good of the great global cause of international Communism. In the case of almost all latter-day terrorists, their aim is considerably less millennial, although their tactics are no less brutal. Most terrorists are concerned with the liberation of what is admittedly only a self-contained minority—the Basques, the Catholic Northern Irish, the Guatemalan peasantry, and so forth. For them, the millennium Marx, Trotsky, and Lenin dreamt on would be just a pleasant bonus to the individual liberation of El Salvador, Algeria, or Boreo-Boolagaa.

In his informative book *Fear of Fear: A Survey of Terrorist Operations & Controls in Open Societies* (Plenum, 233 Spring St., New York, N.Y. 10013; $22), John B. Wolf of the John Jay College of Criminal Justice in New York City describes the nature of terrorist activity, the structures of terrorist organization, global terrorist coalitions, and the politics, so to speak, of terrorism. In the second part of his study he considers the means available —and appropriate—to democratic societies for combatting what he considers to be the gravest peril of the 1980s.

The terrorist coalition, Wolf argues, "does not cooperate as an entity with revolutionary Communism," although in many instances Communist governments and Communist fronts provide terrorist groups with support in the form of arms and money. (An Italian prosecutor recently announced that the Red Brigades, who captured U.S. Brigadier General James L. Dozier several weeks ago, have for years been receiving missiles and other sophisticated weaponry from the Soviets through Palestinian intermediaries.) Instead, they are generally nationalist groups with a thin ideological veneer. That veneer is generally cynical: a pheromone for attracting the support of fuzzy leftists the world over. Without some sort of credible ideology, the terrorist risks "not having his activities accepted as logical and tolerable behavior." With it, he has a chance to persuade people—most importantly the media—that his cause is deserving of international attention.

What makes terrorism so difficult for democratic nations to deal with is the fact that, as Wolf puts it, "terrorism is not so much a military technique as the creation of a political condition." What he means is that for many terrorist groups, who believe that in the hurly-burly of political competition their interests are being trampled on, violent activity is not the repudiation of politics but a reduction to its bare essentials. ("The central issue of their struggle is indeed viewed by a disadvantaged group as involving no less than the last chance for their political survival.") The problem is compounded by the existence of people within the boundaries of democratic politics who are willing to take that claim at face value. But far more important is the generic presumption of free societies that the logic of constitutional freedoms makes the whole polity kin, at least in terms of equality of treatment for its components. While Wolf deplores the resulting near-defenselessness of open societies, he is loath to recommend the suspension of anybody's civil liberties, except in times of dire emergency.

IN FACT, Wolf raises a great many more questions than he answers, which is OK, really: he does not pretend to have answers. However, the second part of *Fear of Fear* does contain some fascinating material about the ways in which governments besieged by terrorism (the Italian; the German; the French; the British) have improved their means of dealing with it; as well as about the technological means by which pertinent information can be gathered and put to use. □

THE ULTIMATE RESOURCE

Julian L. Simon

The food situation worldwide is improving rather than deteriorating. We are not "running out" of natural resources. Instead—though it is hard to believe—natural resources and energy have been getting less scarce for decades, as seen in their falling prices over the long run. The supply of cropland is increasing around the world. And pollution in the U.S. is on the decline.

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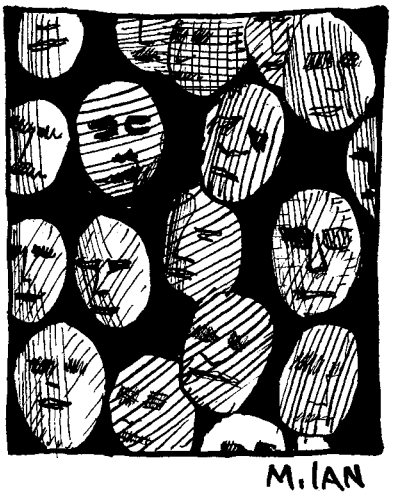
of spades. "Truthfully, I don't generally see it. That kind of thing is usually not shown to me. And I'm delighted about it. I never deal in death in readings. There's so many psychics that've made a career out of tumors and plane crashes and earthquakes. After they deal out the doom—and the person is reduced to ashes—then he or she will come back to the psychic and say, 'Well, can you help me?' And that's what the psychic wanted in the first place. It's a big power-play."

Ah, true. Those who prophesy control: whether they do it by tarot or revelation or computer think-sink. What is known in advance must be planned for, after all: and gorgeous ruin—economic, ecological, whatever—has many more departments to staff. There is elitism even in time. I mean, did you ever meet someone who was deeply committed to the present? *Now* has no panache: those who accept it are vulgar and put plastic slipcovers on their furniture. We skin-pop tomorrow: new teleologies are made every hour. As Santayana might have said: Those who know the future are doomed to repeat it.

But enough of high perception. Back to the big one: do I find fame, fortune, and a five-minute gig on *Good Morning, Iceland*? Cessna doesn't equivocate. The three of hearts has fallen. "Yes, you get it." Suddenly he will seem beneficent, extra-wise: and necessary to me. "If this comes up in the first four rows it's almost a guarantee. That is: as far as psychics guarantee anything." Well, Cessna better be right. Otherwise he won't need a ouija board to figure out where those ten thousand books in his apartment hallway came from. □



BOOKS IN BRIEF

WILLIAM H. JUDD: *Chronicles of a Statesman, edited by Edward J. Rozek (Center for Science, Technology, and Political Thought, 403 pp., $16.95).* Ingratitude toward their great men, Plutarch contended, is the mark of strong peoples. If so, the citizens of Minnesota must be an especially masterly breed. The voters of the state's Fifth District elected Walter Judd to Congress ten times between 1942 and 1962, in the course of which his fellow Republicans chose him as the congressman they "most admired" and his colleagues in the House at large named him as one of its five most influential members. Whereupon in 1962 the home folks ousted this truly remarkable man in favor of a liberal Democrat named Donald Fraser, who is now Mayor of Minneapolis. But Judd, who spent a total of ten years as a medical missionary in China before running for Congress, is a hard man to keep down. Basing himself in Washington (no wonder he didn't go back to Minnesota!), he has roamed America and the globe ever since, writing, lecturing, and supporting the causes he believes in—most notably, perhaps, Free China. This volume is a collection of his speeches, both during and since his years in Congress, plus three in-depth interviews with him on major figures in recent American politics: Eisenhower, Truman, and John Foster Dulles. Fortunately Walter Judd is incapable of uttering an unclear or uninteresting sentence, so both the speeches and the interviews are as crisp and limpid as a Minnesota brook. His forthright idealism is his finest quality, but it is always informed by a shrewd common sense. The result is a kind of salty knowledgeability that simply transcends sophistication. Priceless oral history, and an indispensable source for the biography that remains to be written.

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

THE EIGHTEEN-CARAT KID *and Other Stories, by P. G. Wodehouse, edited by David A. Jasen (Continuum, 164 pp., $10.95).* J. R. R. Tolkien once remarked to Walter Hooper, C. S. Lewis's literary executor, that, thanks to Hooper, Lewis was likely to wind up in the rare situation of a writer who has had more books published after his death than before it. While it would take a substantial bit of publishing to put P. G. Wodehouse in the same case—his pre-posthumous publications having exceeded one hundred—David Jasen and Continuum (a Seabury Press offshoot which, I understand, was started chiefly to publish Wodehousiana) are doing their best. There are no Jeeves and Bertie stories in this series of previously uncollected early Wodehouse, for they have not been born yet, and nothing of Psmith, Lord Emsworth, or Uncle Fred. But this latest in the series includes one top-drawer school story, one romantic-*cum*-cricket story, and two offbeat novellas, "The Eighteen-Carat Kid" and "William Tell Told Again." The title story concerns the efforts of a passel of thugs and con men to abduct the precociously ill-mannered son of an American millionaire from a small English public school, and the efforts of a young assistant master to thwart them. "Ogden Ford entered Sanstead House at a quarter past nine that evening. He was preceded by a Worried Look, Mr. Arnold Abney, a cabman carrying a large box, and the odd-job man carrying two suitcases. I have given precedence to the 'worried look' because it was a thing by itself. To say that Mr. Abney wore it would be to create a wrong impression. Mr. Abney simply followed in its wake." The William Tell story, a superlative pastiche, concludes with a short poem about the human condition that even the Reagan Administration is unlikely to be able to render passé:

Some say the tale related here
Is amplified and twisted;
Some say it isn't very clear
That William Tell existed;
Some say he freed his country so,
The Governor demolished.
Perhaps he did. I only know
That taxes aren't abolished!

LINDA BRIDGES

HARDBOILED AMERICA: *The Lurid Years of Paperbacks, by Geoffrey O'Brien (Van Nostrand Reinhold, 144 pp., $16.95).* This is a curious hybrid of a book. The first half is an informative, profusely illustrated monograph on the early years of the mass-market paperback; the second half is a rather woolly-minded critical survey of the mystery *genre* in the Forties and Fifties. (Sample sentence: "In the world of Spillane's anarchic private eye, everything reduces to a Manichaean struggle between the essentially solitary Mike Hammer and a shadowy inexorable network of moral monsters whom it is his mission to destroy.") Mr. O'Brien is no George Orwell, and so *Hardboiled America* becomes something of a bore from page 66 on; but, up to that point, it is a most entertaining evocation of the days when an invigorating dose of Raymond Chandler, complete with embarrassingly garish cover, could be purchased for a quarter. The many illustrations, among them 16 pages of full-color plates, are sure to stimulate pleasant memories in older readers. Best of all is the cover of Signet 937, Christopher Isherwood's *Goodbye to Berlin* ("Bohemian Life in a Wicked City!"), which sports an apple-cheeked lady of dubious honor posing languidly on a couch, cigarette holder in hand. It may not have been quite what Herr Issyvoo had in mind, but she sure looks like Sally Bowles to me.

TERRY TEACHOUT

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BEICHMAN
(Continued from page 166)

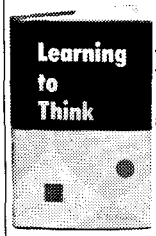
In interviews, the Libyan dictator is careful about criticizing the Soviet Union except on Afghanistan, and even here his criticisms have been muted. The third summit meeting of the Organization of the Islamic Conference, which was held in Saudi Arabia in January 1981, was attended by representatives of 38 Islamic countries. The Mecca Declaration which came out of that summit asked for a complete Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan and pronounced Afghan resistance to the USSR to be a *jihad*, a holy war. Even Syria and the People's Democratic Republic of Yemen signed the declaration. The two countries which were absent from the meeting and didn't sign the Mecca statement were Libya and Iran. (Of course, Qaddafi may not have been welcome in Saudi Arabia, since he is held responsible for the attempted takeover of the Great Mosque in Mecca by a band of Arab terrorists in November 1979.)

Qaddafi sees himself, and is determined to become, the ruler first of North Africa and, eventually, of 160 million Arabs, a modern Saladin, the twelfth century Moslem warrior and conqueror of the Crusaders. Of course, the U.S. Sixth Fleet showed Qaddafi six months ago that the road to conquest might not be as simple as was overthrowing King Idris or thwarting five attempted coups against his rule. On August 19, 1981 two F-14 Tomcats were fired upon by two Russian SU-22 fighters over the Gulf of Sidra. The Tomcats blew the Libyans' craft out of the sky.

It could, of course, be argued that Brezhnev is the "most dangerous" man in the world. Perhaps he is, with all that military power at his command and a legitimizing ideology to boot. Yet one can also argue that the Soviet Union behaves with a certain prudence when confronted by serious resistance in the West. In an interdependent world, anybody with Qaddafi's resources, exchequer, and paranoid perceptions can create the kinds of crises which lead to unavoidable confrontations. At some point—and well before Qaddafi produces a nuclear missile, which is his dream—the civilized world will have to deal with him. The Libyan oilfields, if it's any consolation, may run out by the year 2000, but with his luck, who knows? We must assume that in an orderly world, people in high places with important resources at their command are thinking hard about solutions to the Qaddafi problem.

But so far, Qaddafi is riding high. □

LEARNING TO THINK



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The Anti-Nuke Strategy

JOHN P. ROCHE

Boston—Sometime in the next three months every newspaper editor in the country will receive a letter from a local physician on the effects of nuclear war. "Suppose a Soviet one-megaton missile hit at the corner of Broad and Main Streets?" the doctor will inquire, going on to answer his or her own question in a fashion to make Dante's *Inferno* read like *The Little Engine That Could.*

The art-form was developed by an outfit called Physicians for Social Responsibility and tried out for size by its president, Dr. Helen Caldicott, in a Phi Beta Kappa address last June. Nothing quite like it has been heard in New England since the Reverend Jonathan Edwards delivered himself in 1741 of the terrifying sermon "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God."

She was not up to Edwards's metaphorical standards—"The God that holds you over the pit of hell, much as one holds a spider or some loathsome insect over the fire, abhors you . . . The arrows of death fly unseen at noonday; the sharpest sight cannot discern them." This apocalyptic act is a tough one to follow. But she did her best and had the audience radioactivated.

Since then I have seen half a dozen letters or Op-Ed pieces in this genre, and am awaiting a revival of the film *On the Beach.* What we are witnessing is an extremely primitive, but nonetheless frightening, campaign against the American nuclear build-up. There was a tremendous pentecostal surge last November 11, when anti-nuclear speakers turned up on campuses all over the nation.

In LOGICAL terms, it has no serious rationale: as I pointed out to a TV panel, no American missile is targeted on Boston. But the minute you try to deal logically with a vision of apocalypse, you are accused of being callous, uncaring, and probably a running dog of the military-industrial complex. The worst of the encounter, of course, is that they have seized the rhetorical commanding heights: no one in his senses is going to come on cheering for a nuclear exchange.

A major slogan of Caldicott & Co. is "Stop the Arms Race!" That's a grand idea if there were a race, but the facts are that since 1970 the Soviets have introduced at least 11 new or modified intercontinental ballistic missiles; we have introduced *one.* In the same time-frame they have introduced nine new or modified submarine-launched ballistic missiles; we have introduced two.

Today Moscow is producing both missiles (one SS-20 a week for starters) and manned bombers; we are producing neither. They built the first intercontinental missiles, the first submarine-launched missiles, the first anti-ballistic-missile system, and the first killer-satellites. Who can describe this as an American-sponsored arms race?

The stark reality is that since President Nixon and Chairman Kissinger decided to put America's money on detente, with SALT I as the symbol, we dropped out of the race and sat down in the bleachers. As the Soviets proceeded with the development and deployment of the SS-18—the authentic doomsday nuke, with a 16,700-pound payload (our Minuteman III carries 1,500 to 2,000 pounds)—we never complained.

They have 308 of these monsters, with anywhere from one huge warhead to 25 MIRVs. When the time came to negotiate SALT II, these caused some problems, but the Carter Administration, in desperate quest of a diplomatic triumph, designated them "heavy missiles" and, in essence, agreed not to worry about them if the Soviets would stop production. Since Moscow was by then busy perfecting the accuracy of the SS-19 and SS-20, and updating the SS-4s and 5s, they found this a perfect compromise.

What has created the ruckus here and in Western Europe is the fact that the Reagan Administration has decided to leave the bleachers and join the arms race. Not, as the anti-nuclear spokespersons say, because we think a nuclear war is "winnable," but because we want to restore the deterrent equilibrium, the "delicate balance of terror."

I am as easily terrified as the next person, but logically the only alternative to taking this remedial action is unilateral disarmament. In Britain, Tony Benn's crew in the Labor Party have been pushing this with great success and complete candor. Here the various anti-nuke groups—with the exception of the authentic pacifists—deny they favor folding our hand.

When you ask them for a hard position, they say "negotiations." I have supported serious negotiations since the issue arose, but I think my definition differs from theirs; if Brezhnev put a label on every Soviet missile, NUCLEAR WAR IS DANGEROUS TO YOUR HEALTH, they would, I suspect, consider it a major concession.

Negotiations on Theater Nuclear Forces are under way; we will doubtless resume strategic-weapons talks shortly; but while we are awaiting results shouldn't President Reagan declare a National Nuclear Terror Week so everybody with an apocalyptic bent can get therapy? □

THE ARCHBISHOP'S ANGUISH

Boston—Hell hath no fury like a prelate conned. Josef Glemp, Archbishop of Warsaw and Primate of Poland, has really gone for the Communist jugular. First he declared that declarations of loyalty to the Jaruzelski regime extracted under duress were not binding on the conscience. Subsequently in an impassioned statement he said: "Brothers of the broken nation, get together, for we have to defend ourselves by ourselves, because no one is going to help us."

Though less explicit, Pope John Paul II, onetime Archbishop of Krakow, also began to rumble like a volcano on the edge of erupting. Stating that violating a man's conscience can be worse than killing him, he came close to the medieval practice of excommunicating a ruler. Canon lawyers can easily supply precedents; a vivid instance was Innocent IV's 1245 action in decreeing that all bound to Emperor Frederick II by oaths be freed from them and forbidden to obey his orders.

The Pope and the Archbishop can't utilize ecclesiastical sanctions against the Polish military junta—Frederick in the "Age of Faith" frustrated three popes and died in office—but viewed on another level the Polish prelates are moving to restore the Catholic Church's role as the hard core of Polish nationalism. In human terms they are outraged: Jaruzelski gulled them into believing that Solidarity, the Church, and the military government were united by a common bond of Polish identity.

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Thus when martial law was declared, Archbishop Glemp's first official statements were placatory. What clearly happened was that—as the late Cardinal Stefan Wyszynski, who could spot a set-up from Gdansk to Silesia, rocked in his tomb—Glemp accepted at face value Jaruzelski's "sincere" assurances that the alternative to his putsch was a Soviet invasion.

Reading between the lines of Glemp's anguish one suspects that Jaruzelski not only posed as the man who would save Poland from the Russians, but also promised the Primate that the whole martial-law scenario would be a charade. Did the General also promise the Archbishop that Solidarity leader Lech Walesa would be turned over to the Church for symbolic house arrest in a monastery?

The late Richard Cardinal Cushing of Boston, one of the shrewdest men I have ever known, once observed of a pastor who had quite innocently gotten mixed up in a charitable racket, "A fine, pious boy, but no smarts." The Polish Archbishop seems to have filled this bill—perhaps in tandem with the somewhat otherworldly Pope—but now he is learning the hard way.

Jaruzelski, for example, may be a good Polish name, but then so was Dzerzhinsky, the name of the founder of Lenin's secret police. More to the point, Jaruzelski was one of many top Polish generals who served in the Polish divisions of the Soviet army during World War II; he helped destroy the Polish National Army, which was loyal to the legitimate exiled government in London, and was raised from a pup by Soviet Marshal Konstantin Rokossovsky, also a Pole, who was Moscow's Warsaw viceroy until 1956.

IN FACT, in 1956, when Archbishop Glemp was a young priest, the old "Lion of Warsaw," Cardinal Wyszynski—then imprisoned—refused to support the "reform" Communist faction led by Wladyslaw Gomulka until Rokossovsky was fired as Polish Minister of Defense and shipped back to Moscow. Gomulka needed the support of the Church, the Marshal was rusticated, and Wyszynski emerged from arrest on his own terms to support Gomulka. The Communists averted civil war on the Hungarian model by this compromise but paid for it by going in hock to the Primate.

Josef Glemp, obviously a man of deep conviction and integrity, unknowingly squandered this inheritance when he fell for the Moscow-written Jaruzelski script. Now he is doing penance by engaging in open defiance of the junta to restore the Catholic Church to its position as curator of the Polish nationalist tradition. To use a scientific metaphor, the radioactive rod is back in the nuclear reactor, and regrouping and resistance has begun.

It is hard to explain the essentially non-theological role of the Catholic Church as the repository of Polish aspirations. The Irish-Catholic parallel is now outdated, but a story from the past is appropriate. A leading Fenian was arrested by the British and, although a public atheist, was wearing a cross. Asked about this he said, "Oh, I'm a Catholic atheist." Most of the Polish intellectuals who just signed a powerful protest probably fall into this category; they look to Josef Glemp for leadership. □

THE MYTH OF YALTA

Boston—Three times in the last few days I have heard critics of President Reagan's sanctions against Poland and the Soviet Union say quite flatly that the United States recognized Russian hegemony over Eastern Europe at the Yalta Conference in February 1945. Two were on television so I was helpless, but I asked the third for his source. "It's common knowledge: see George Kennan's two Op-Ed pieces in the *New York Times*."

Kennan's prose was a bit impenetrable, but in discussing the implications of any Soviet retreat on the Polish question he stated: "It would reach to the very foundation of the de facto division of Europe that has existed since World War II." He added, "This division itself was a product of the war."

This is accurate: the Soviet armies were rolling all over Eastern Europe and the Balkans and, with the exception of Yugoslavia and Austria, the Russian writ still runs in these occupied areas. But the de facto occupation is in fact a violation of the Yalta Agreement signed by Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin.

Stalin must have chuckled as he signed the document, which among other things contained an affirmation of the Four Freedoms and a promise that free elections would be held in the states liberated from the Nazis. Churchill must have known Stalin was chuckling, but by 1945 British policy was limited by the overwhelming American contribution to the war. He was certainly not going to stand on one foot awaiting free elections in Poland, Hungary, Rumania, and the other Red Army conquests.

Franklin D. Roosevelt was a very sick man—in two months he would be dead—and driven at Yalta by one major goal: to get Stalin's agreement to enter the war against Japan. The background for this was the ferocious defensive capability of the Japanese army, which had triggered the Joint Chiefs of Staff to hit the panic button. Casualty projections for the defense of the Japanese home islands went over the million mark.

What about the A-bomb? You know it worked, but you have 20-20 hindsight. The few then aware of its existence didn't know, and the first successful test was not until July. The Joint Chiefs had good reason to worry: shortly after Yalta the Marines took twenty thousand casualties capturing the tiny island of Iwo Jima, and from April to June the Army and Marines were savagely bloodied capturing Okinawa.

Moreover, the Joint Chiefs wanted the Russians to take on the crack Japanese Kwantung Army in Manchuria so it could not be recalled to the islands. What General MacArthur's intelligence chief, General Willoughby—who later guaranteed that Chinese troops were not entering the Korean War—didn't know was that the "crack" army had been shipped out to the Pacific and replaced by kids and middle-aged men.

Stalin was quite aware of Roosevelt's agenda and kept pushing for legitimation of Soviet hegemony in Eastern Europe, with Poland as the centerpiece. He had a stooge Polish government all lined up, and wanted us to ditch the Polish government-in-exile in London. This was not without irony—as Churchill pointed out, Britain had gone to war to fulfill its alliance with the Poles, and the legitimate government was the one in London.

ROOSEVELT, born without an ideological chromosome, and who, even in the best of health, hated long-range planning, emerged with a compromise. Stalin's Lublin government and the Polish exiles in London should form a coalition. Stalin, who had a special sauce for marinating coalitions before putting them through the famous "salami slicer," agreed.

The President, then, could with a clear conscience claim that "Uncle Joe" had agreed to the Four Freedoms and to free elections. And he had accomplished the top priority; Stalin agreed to join the war against Japan. If anyone had told FDR, "You have just given the Russians Eastern Europe," he would have been baffled. All he had done was get the London and the Lublin Poles, as Lyndon Johnson would have put it, "to reason together."

In the last weeks of his life, Roosevelt did get a sense that Stalin was betraying him, but then he was dead. His successor, Harry Truman, had to learn from scratch; he had never even been briefed on the A-bomb!

Finally, suppose the U.S. had decided Stalin was playing a dirty game, what could we have done? If the American Army in 1945 after the defeat of Germany and Japan had been told it had to fight on to save Poland, or Nationalist China, there would have been the biggest mutiny in the history of the world. We wanted to go home! □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Stakes Are That Big

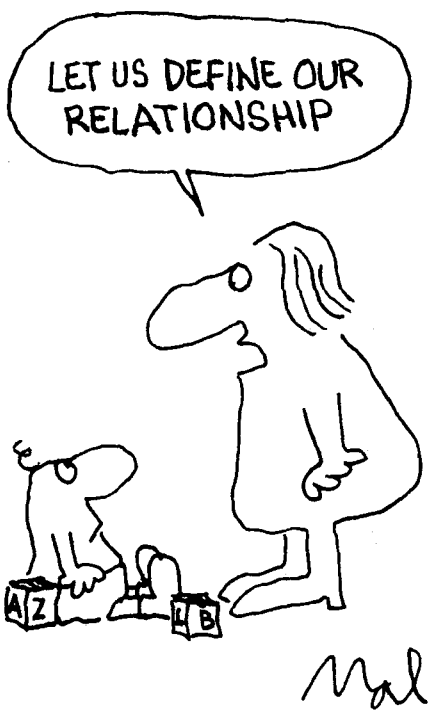
On The Right

New York, Jan. 29—The accelerating impatience with such as Helmut Schmidt, who celebrated the imposition of martial law in Poland by visiting East Germany and cooing with the folks on the other side of the great wall, is especially vexing because on the one hand we are entitled to be indignant; but on the other hand, our indignation perfectly suits the strategic designs of the Soviet Union. Mr. Reagan is justifiably under fire for not acting more decisively in the matter of Poland. Henry Kissinger correctly indicts our failure to close off financial credit for the Soviet Union, and our inexplicable determination to continue to negotiate with the leaders of the Soviet Union precisely at a moment when it has been proved that negotiations with the Soviet Union don't accomplish anything. We are at fault for indecisive leadership. But we cannot signify to Europe that we have arrived at terminal impatience. Not without giving to the Soviets that which they most desire, namely the dissolution of the NATO alliance.

Ah, but they say it is for all intents and purposes already a shambles. That is only half true. The day to watch for is the day in 1983 when the Alliance is scheduled to begin the deployment of our theater nuclear weapons. We are, for reasons that elude some of us, at present negotiating whether to go forward with a commitment to deploy. Mr. Reagan said in November that this was a zero-option negotiation. By that he meant that either the Soviet Union would withdraw its SS-20 missiles, in which case we would hold back on our Pershing and Tomahawk missiles—or else we would proceed to deploy. The question arises, If Mr. Reagan is resolute in his intentions, why is it necessary to negotiate in the matter? The next question that arises is: Assuming that the Soviet Union were to withdraw its theater missiles, where would they then be located? With a range of 4,500 miles, they could retreat to an area east of Moscow and still serve their deadly purpose as instruments of intimidation against European cities.

To judge by past experience with Soviet negotiators, it is unlikely that they will withdraw their missiles, never mind that doing so would be of questionable significance. More likely the Soviet negotiators will, in the coming year, accelerate the propaganda aimed at dissipating the European will. When the day comes to go forward with the deployment of the NATO missiles, the Soviet Union counts on a Europe prostrate with fear, indecision, and flatulence. That Europe the Soviet Union will rub in our face, as an area faint and weak, unwilling to resist what will be recognized as a Soviet juggernaut. Our task is to recognize that for all that there is demoralization in Europe, particularly among the intellectuals, the prospect of life under the dominion of the Soviet Union will ultimately bring right reason to the councils of an area of the world where freedom and civilization have most conspicuously flourished.

Now Mr. Reagan's special problem these days is, without rodomontade, to exert genuine leadership. He has not done so in the matter of Poland, but it is possible that he has his reasons, and that they are not widely disclosed. For instance, if he were convinced that the suppression of Solidarity would not be successful, then it would be preferable that General Jaruzelski's resonant failure should happen without significant American connivance. If the people of Poland actually prevailed over the quislings, causing the Soviet Union physically to come in, then a relatively aloof America might make the Polish triumph more galvanizing. That we can see.



But it hardly seems to be in prospect. Control of the mail, of the radio and television, the telephone and assemblies, travel and even street-corner communications, is generally enough to immobilize any movement. If Poland is to be the exception, and if President Reagan has confidence that this is so, then the movement is blessed.

But if Mr. Reagan is wrong, then his miscalculation will bring a grief, and a resignation, that are appropriate to the occasion. Poland has given us a kind of corporate valor almost unheard of in this century. More: it gave us hope that—to use Marxist terminology—the contradictions implicit in Communism would finally overtake the system, causing the gradual dissolution of this most odious accretion of the twentieth century. If Poland goes down, then the Soviet Union's pressure will rise. And NATO will face the final test of 1983, but will do so without the strategic sense of confidence in American leadership. The stakes are that big. □

UNSCRAMBLING THE MESS OVER BOB JONES

New York, Feb. 1—The laws aren't clear-cut, particularly when they attempt to clarify murky issues. There is no better example of this than the mess the President has got into on the matter of tax exemption and racial discrimination.

How is it (see *Everson* v. *Illinois*, etc.) that it is unlawful to use tax-deductible money to help pay the salary of a gym teacher in a religious school, but lawful to pay the salary of a chaplain to serve Congress? Close students of American history agree that the Supreme Court has ruled absurdly in the matter of the "wall" between church and state, but the separationists stop short of complaining that "In God We Trust" appears on our coinage, that "under God" appears in the Pledge of Allegiance, or that chaplains open sessions of Congress with a prayer, perhaps because even atheists permit themselves to wonder, given how Congress performs *with* prayer, how Congress would perform *without* prayer.

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Comes, then, the matter of racial integration at two colleges, one of them Bob Jones University. My colleague Patrick Buchanan, in an excellent analysis, has pointed out that Bob Jones does admit blacks, but does not permit interracial dating or marriage, because such is the trustees' reading of the Bible's scattered references to the separation of races. The notion of endogamy is by no means distinctive to forms of Christian fundamentalism. It rates very high in Jewish law, and is venerated in tribal practices in many parts of Africa, which practices in turn have religious sanction. It is Mr. Buchanan's point that to tell Bob Jones that it may not receive tax exemption because of its interpretation of the Bible is to arrogate to the IRS, or to the courts, or to Congress, the right to interpret the Bible; and this we don't really want to do, do we? I can think of at least three cardinal virtues that Congress might nonchalantly repeal.

The cliché is, of course, that by granting a tax exemption to an enterprise, the government is in effect subsidizing that enterprise. We hear this one over and over again. Is it true?

Well, not really: because if it were true, then it would be true that the government is, right this minute, "subsidizing" religious education, and this it is not permitted to do. Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish schools all over the country are tax-exempt. Is it true that they are being subsidized? If so, under current rulings of the court, then this is unconstitutional, a violation of the First Amendment.

Well then, suppose we use a term less direct than "subsidization." Say, merely, that the government gives "special consideration" to enterprises that aren't run for profit, and that engage in education. It isn't a "subsidy," but it is a "preference." In what sense? In the sense that such enterprises—whether they are teaching young people arithmetic, or whether they are exploring in Antarctica, or whether they are taxonomizing arcane butterflies—are performing a socially protected activity.

Can it be said that an enterprise can be socially useful, even if racially discriminatory? Well, yes. Discrimination on grounds of race is, in my judgment, unintelligent and morally wrong. But that is also true of other practices. For instance, I deem it unintelligent and morally wrong to discriminate, as so many academic faculties do, against religion, for which many faculties feel a tacit, and often an explicit, contempt—notwithstanding that equality in the eyes of God is the mother-lode of the proposition that all men are born equal. But I would not want a law that would reach into the curriculum of Yale University to ask whether religion was being given an equal break, or whether positivism, or skepticism, or relativism were in the saddle.

So the subject is really more complicated than Mr. Reagan, or his critics, have acknowledged. Catholic schools are still free to recruit Catholic students, and even free to reject non-Catholic students, though in practice they don't. The same is true of Jewish schools. Catholic seminaries are free to operate under tax exemption, even though they do not admit women, because women are not, under Catholic law, permitted to be ordained. One may feel an intellectual contempt for the interpretation of the Bible by Bob Jones, but shouldn't we guard against the codification of our contempt for other people's opinions?

From all of which I conclude: 1) That Mr. Reagan's initial instinct to take from the IRS the right to suspend tax-exemption on its own authority was correct. And 2) that Mr. Reagan is unwise in asking Congress to assume powers Congress ought not, under the Bill of Rights, to assume. And 3) that the moral case for equality should be pressed by the people exercising their absolute right—to refuse to patronize institutions that practice, whatever the aegis, racial discrimination. □

FIGHTERS FOR TAIWAN

New York, Jan. 25—Those of us who are disappointed that Mr. Reagan did not authorize sale of the F-5Gs (they are the hot planes, as distinguished from the F-5Es, which are the so-so planes) are obliged to ponder his reasoning in the matter. We begin with the premise that Ronald Reagan does not intend to betray Taiwan, and therefore ask: Has he, by this decision, moved in the direction of betraying Taiwan?

We recall with embarrassment that late on the last day of 1978, President Jimmy Carter caused the Taiwanese ambassador to be summoned from his bed, for the purpose of giving him a few hours before leaving the country. It is difficult to remember when last we treated an explicit enemy of the United States the way Carter treated our faithful ally. But in 1979 the Taiwan Relations Act was passed, and here even such adamant doves as Senator Kennedy stepped forward to declare that the recognition of Peking, and de-recognition of Taiwan, should not mitigate our guarantee, now become tacit, to uphold the sovereignty of Taiwan.

Now, we had here talked ourselves into one of those schizophrenic situations that diplomacy feasts on. In the Shanghai Communiqué of 1972, President Nixon agreed that Taiwan and China were a single nation. This he was willing to do because Taiwan was then insisting, as even now it does, that indeed the two are a single nation: and that Taiwan, which houses the Kuomintang government, is the legitimate ruler of the whole lot. When we say this, nowadays we are forced to smile, as though a Romanov were to get up at a New Year's Eve party and declare himself the rightful sovereign of Russia.

But although we agreed to go along with the fiction of China-Taiwan as a single state, the realities were plain—that Nixon would not have permitted Taiwan to fall under Communist domination. And, indeed, seven years later Carter was emphatically told by the Senate that no such development would be tolerated. When Ronald Reagan ran for President he reaffirmed his fealty to the independence of Taiwan, and it was widely assumed that that reaffirmation carried a willingness to sell Taiwan such (defensive) weapons as are required.

Now, a year ago Taiwan put in for the F-5Gs, and Communist China went hysterical with resentment. It is interesting to ponder the question: Why? It is hardly suggested that Taiwan is arming for a military operation against the Mainland. In which case the F-5Gs (which carry radar-directed explosives) would have been defensive in deployment. So why did Peking get so upset? Because Peking could not stand the humiliation of having one of its "provinces"—as Peking views Taiwan—disposing of superior aircraft to what the mother country has? That is one possibility, the remaining one being that Mainland China actually contemplated, at some point, a military operation against Taiwan, which operation would be severely discouraged by Taiwan's possession of F-5Gs.

Time magazine has reported that Reagan's diplomatic team dispatched to Peking was given the mission of saying: in return for America's declining to sell the Taiwanese the Gs, agreeing instead merely to more Es, you—Red China—must promise to deplore publicly the Soviet-backed suppression of Poland. Whether *Time*'s sources were correct we do not know, knowing only that Peking remains silent about Poland, and fiercely denounces the United States even for sending to Taiwan the F-5Es.

So what are we to make of Reagan's judgment?

On the whole, my vote is negative. I wish he had given the Taiwanese the Buck Rogers planes, and taken the opportunity to tell Peking that if Peking is going to renounce its opposition to Soviet "hegemonism" on that account, Peking was never an ally worth having in any event. But if Mr. Reagan made it clear to all parties that the de facto (as distinguished from de jure) sovereignty of Taiwan is not to be trifled with, then, really, it makes little difference what airplanes he gave our valiant friends there. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. WIND WEAPON (anagram)
3 90 22 107 71 133 36 57 79 52

B. What marked-down goods sometimes are
98 134 124 48 58 157 140 173

C. The inside facts about disreputable people
112 153 72 139 129 177 18

D. An area rich in petroleum
62 135 208 12 181 41 49 183

E. A fancy term for a farmer or for a bureaucrat who farms the farmers
114 19 24 84 161 215 231 33 105 110

F. One of the biggest industries in the U.S.
141 158 178 197 202
77 44 28 35 152 159 164 194 207 223

G. Tried
17 187 210 227 78 92 101
137 80 31 106 163 45 74 113 176

H. Where the consumer votes
198 21 60 143 146 148 6 40 66 168
209

I. A street on which many would like to live
4 7 20 26

J. River characters, including Huckleberry Finn and the slave Jim
185 230 118 130 8 15 222 56

K. A legal compendium
204 138 115 182 219 188 165 191 121

L. A part of many large cities that is never referred to as "a ghetto"
99 218 199 166 59 122 14 64 175

M. A pose
174 67 144 167 155 111 190 193

N. A place where literature is displayed
116 25 32 16 9 192 47 224

O. To enlighten
10 23 73 63 30

P. An organization which mass-produces automobiles (fol. by "Company")
160 38 5 11 89 100 68 109 120

Q. What King Edward VIII was
214 125 205 108 46 220

R. A German Lutheran theologian (1799-1867)
13 69 102 203 117

S. The seat of Walworth County, Wisc.
37 82 151 217 119 156 91

T. Where the left-wing Republicans may hold their next convention
42 54 211 61 136 145 150 154 186 131
162 228 29 75

U. This is no place for a sick man (I know!)
65 149 226 39 94 229 169 83

V. Self-contained existence
81 128 95 103 170 132

W. What one might call a doltish cook
142 213 2 51 70 86 93 123 189 195
201

X. Slang for a pitcher other than a southpaw
206 96 216 180 88 147

Y. Being present at a meeting and listening
225 179 212 97 87 221 171 104 126

Z. A river that flows through Nagoya, Japan
196 127 172 200 27 184

*** A superior officer or official**
34 76 85 43 50 53 55 1

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 188 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 *	2 W	3 A	4 I	5 P		6 H	7 I	8 J	9 N	10 O	11 P		12 D	13 R	14 L	15 J		16 N	17 F
18 C	19 E	20 I		21 H	22 A	23 O		24 E	25 N	26 I	27 Z	28 F	29 T	30 O		31 G	32 N		33 E
34 *	35 F		36 A	37 S	38 P	39 U	40 H	41 D		42 T	43 *	44 F		45 G	46 Q	47 N	48 B	49 D	50 *
	51 W	52 A	53 *	54 T		55 *	56 J	57 A	58 B	59 L	60 H	61 T		62 D	63 O		64 L	65 U	66 H
67 M		68 P	69 R		70 W	71 A		72 C	73 O	74 G	75 T		76 *	77 F		78 F	79 A	80 G	81 V
82 S	83 U	84 E	85 *	86 W	87 Y	88 X		89 P	90 A	91 S	92 F	93 W	94 U	95 V	96 X	97 Y	98 B		99 L
100P	101F	102R	103V	104Y	105E	106G	107A		108Q	109P		110E	111M	112C	113G		114E	115K	
116N	117R	118J	119S	120P	121K		122L	123W	124B	125Q	126Y	127Z		128V	129C	130J		131T	132V
	133A	134B	135D	136T		137G	138K	139C		140B	141E	142W	143H		144M	145T	146H	147X	
148H	149U	150T	151S		152F	153C	154T	155M	156S	157B	158E		159F	160P		161E	162T	163G	164F
165K	166L	167M	168H	169U	170V	171Y	172Z	173B		174M	175L	176G		177C	178E	179Y	180X		181D
182K		183D	184Z	185J	186T	187F	188K	189W	190M		191K	192N	193M		194F	195W	196Z	197E	
198H	199L	200Z	201W		202E	203R	204K	205Q		206X	207F	208D	209H		210F	211T	212Y	213W	214Q
215E	216X	217S		218L	219K	220Q	221Y	222J	223F		224N	225Y	226U		227F	228T	229U	230J	231E

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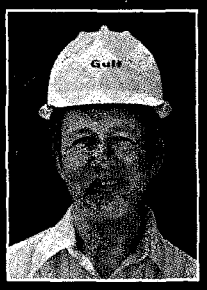

"There are still huge reserves of American oil left behind in oil fields that were tapped thirty or forty years ago," says Gulf Area Engineer John Shamburger. "In those days, crude was only two or three dollars a barrel, so we would operate an oil well only as long as the oil could be pumped up easily and inexpensively. It made more sense to drill new wells than to squeeze every drop out of old ones."

"In many of these old wells, the underground pressure is so low that the oil won't come up without some extra help. The extra help is called tertiary recovery, and it's a whole technology in itself. Here at Heidelberg, Mississippi, we started experimenting with it in 1971.

"One way to build up underground pressure is to set fire to some of the oil deep in the earth. That's called fireflooding. It drives the rest of the oil toward the well, where it can be pumped to the surface. The improvement can be pretty dramatic; in one case, production increased from one hundred to 2300 barrels per day.

"In other parts of the country, with different geology, we might use water, steam, or chemicals to get the oil flowing."

All over America, Gulf is using one or another of these technologies to get more oil out of old wells. It isn't cheap and it isn't easy, but it is a certain source of made-in-America energy for tomorrow.

Gulf

Gulf people: energy for tomorrow.

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"Gulf's underground heat treatment gets more oil from old oil wells."

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When the Pan American Life Center scouts for modular carpet, Milliken leads the list.

"There were three of us on the building committee, and we traveled all over the U.S.A. and Canada looking at all sorts of office buildings. We saw that Milliken modular was used an awful lot, and it looked real good. So we picked it."

Richard L. Hindermann
Senior V.P./Home Office Services
Pan American Life Center

In this modern high-rise office building near the Super Dome, there's floor after floor of Milliken modular carpet. And one very satisfied building coordinator, Richard Hindermann.

More and more, Milliken modular is becoming the number-one choice of influential contract decision-makers like Mr. Hindermann. Not just because their architects recommended it (which they did), but because Milliken modular carpet is chosen by their peers.

In building after building, under all sorts of traffic conditions, with all sorts of esthetic requirements to be met, Milliken modular carpet is in there performing, beautifully. A building committee scouting nationwide for its own installation could hardly fail to be impressed with how often Milliken modular is chosen...or how satisfied their fellow end-users are with it.

We're impressed too, but not surprised. As the leading manufacturers of modular carpet, we offer the contract community a unique blend of quality, technology and innovation that is quite simply unparalleled in the modular field.

And whether they are architects, designers, specifiers, coordinators—contract professionals recognize this uniqueness, and respond with the biggest vote of confidence possible: specifying Milliken modular in their important installations. As Mr. Hindermann says, "We're real pleased with it." We couldn't have said it better ourselves.

For quality, technology, innovation... contract America looks to Milliken first.

Milliken Contract Carpets, P.O. Box 2956, LaGrange, GA 30241

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